

POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

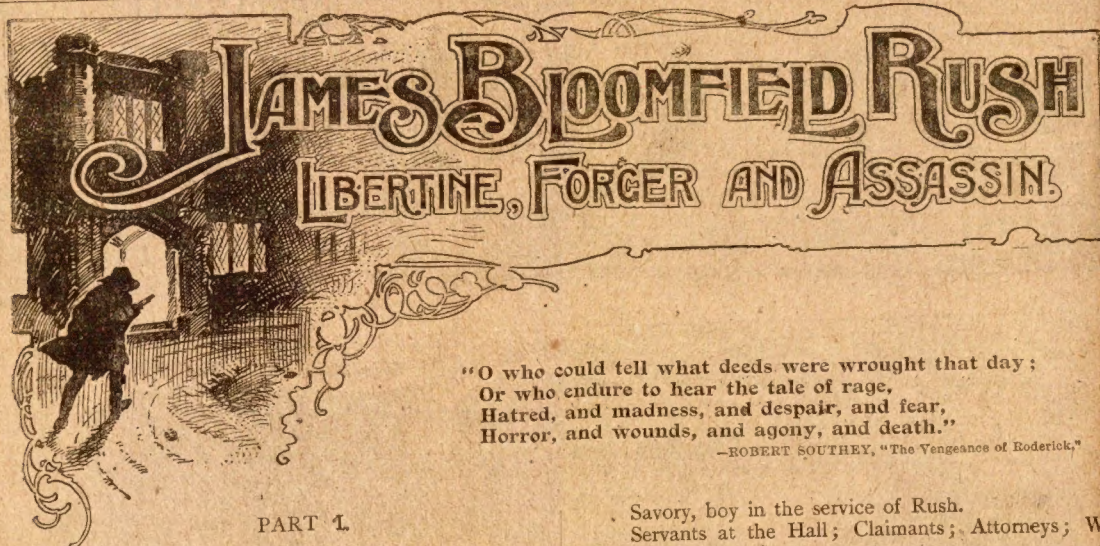
PAST AND PRESENT

CASH

ONE · PENNY



THE NETHERBY HALL TRAGEDY.
JAMES BLOOMFIELD RUSH SHOTS MR. JERMY.



PART I.



BEFORE narrating the circumstances connected with, and the details of this tragedy, which created such a profound sensation in the middle of the last century, I believe that it will assist my readers to follow the story with more interest and with less trouble if I commence by introducing them to the characters who took part in one of the most extraordinary, most dramatic, and most cold-blooded murders that appears in our annals

of crime.

At the time of its perpetration I was engaged upon one of the principal London newspapers as special reporter, so had every opportunity of studying all details, of inspecting the places at which the chief scenes were enacted, and of being brought in personal contact with nearly all who played more or less prominent parts in what might well be called a startling melodrama of real life.

Isaac Jermy, Esq., a gentleman of fortune; Chairman of the Quarter Sessions of Norwich, and Recorder of that ancient city, residing at his country seat, Stanfield Hall, near the county town of Norfolk.

Isaac Jermy-Jermy, Esq., his son, a gentleman of independent means, who lived, together with his wife, at Stanfield Hall.

James Bloomfield Rush, a farmer of extensive lands, and tenant of the elder Jermy, residing principally at Potash Farm, some three-quarters of a mile from the Hall, but farming, with his mother, at Felmingham, on the other side of Norwich, on the road to North Walsham; also formerly of Stanfield Hall Farm; a widower, with nine children; previously was an auctioneer.

Emily Sandford, a young lady of good education, one daughter of ten of a widow; governess to James Bloomfield Rush's children; afterwards his mistress.

Mrs. Jermy, wife to Isaac Jermy, sen.

Eliza Chestney, maid-servant to Mrs. Jermy.

Mr. Baron Rolfe, Judge at Norwich Quarter Sessions.

Serjeant Byles, Prosecutor for the Treasury.

Savory, boy in the service of Rush.
Servants at the Hall; Claimants; Attorneys; Witnesses; Jurors; Surgeons; etc., etc.

The scene opens in a genteel lodging-house in a street off Euston Square. The drawing-room floor has been occupied for a few days by—well, you'd hardly call him a gentleman, so far as his appearance goes, although he is well dressed and wears a heavy gold chain and a massive signet-ring—a man whom there is no mistaking for other than a countryman. He is, indeed, what he seems, immediately you clap eyes upon him—a well-to-do farmer. If you scrutinise him carefully, you will see that he is a widower, for he wears a wedding-ring upon his little finger, proclaiming the fact to everybody, especially the ladies. He is a powerfully-built man, with strong but rather coarsely-moulded limbs, much indicative of hard work in agricultural land; he is rather above the average height. His shoulders, which are slightly inclined forwards, support a short bull-neck, on which rests a large and massive head, which a craniologist would declare showed the possession of strong animal passions and considerable intellectual power. It is firmly set in such a way as to render it rather difficult for its owner to look straight before him. His mouth and lateral formation of the jaw and the lower part of his face betray great determination, and an unflinching will. His grey hair is carefully brushed, and his somewhat heavy boots are brightly polished. He is seated in the easy-chair, near the window of the front sitting-room, and is smoking a cigar and reading the advertisement columns of the "Times." Presently he rises from his seat and rings the bell, and in a few moments the landlady of the house herself answers the summons.

"Sit down, Mrs. Jones; I want to speak to you about some little matter," he remarks in an accent that stamps the man as from Norfolk. "I have put an advertisement in the 'Times' of this morning, and in answer to it I expect somebody to call or write. Should they come personally, I desire you to send them up to me. Let me read the announcement."

He then reads the following: "Governess wanted for widower's children. One capable of giving a good, plain education, and who has amiable temper. Moderate salary and good home at comfortable farm-house in the healthiest part of Norfolk.—Call or write, J. B. R., 16, — Street, Euston Square."

"You understand, marm," he continues, "although you have known me but a few days, I think I mentioned to you that I was a widower, and have in all nine children. Some of them have not finished their schooling, others have not commenced, so I thought that it would be my best plan to engage a governess for them who would be kind and lovable, and that is why the advertisement has

appeared, for I thought that being in London for a short time upon important business I could kill two birds with one stone," and he chuckled, as if his wonderful organisation needed emphasis. "Now," he went on, "I want you to do me a favour—only a very small one. I want you to say that you have known me for some time, and that you are sure the lady engaged will find a happy home, or something of that kind. You know what to say better than I can tell you. You see, I do not want a lot of trouble about exchanging references and all that sort of thing; nor do I wish to come up to London again for some time. I'm a man, madam, who, when, he makes up his mind to do a thing, does it right off without beating about the bush. Besides, you know me sufficiently by the letter sent to my farm, and by the gentlemen who have called upon me, not to doubt my respectability." And he leaned

anything but that which is very plain. They evidently are ladies of lost financial position; but cannot, even if they would, disguise the fact that they come from the upper middle classes.

"Pray be seated, ladies. Do not leave the room, Mrs. Jones. I always like when a lady is being engaged to have one of their own sex to be present. It is my invariable rule when I engage women folk at my farms. An old friend acts for me now that my poor dear wife has gone." And Rush snuffles and dabs his eyes with his green and yellow silk handkerchief.

And then the ladies talk, and Mrs. Sandford tells the landlady and Mr. Rush how she also has lost the one who was part and parcel of the happiness of her life; how she was left with but a small income, and what a struggle it had been for her to bring up her family properly educated, and to instruct her daughters in a few accomplishments. "Emily is a dear, good, lovable girl, and I am sure will be kind to your children should you engage her, sir, and I do hope that you will, for my dear girls must, I regret to say, go out upon the world to fight their own battles of life, much as it pains me to part with them." And the tears trickle down the widow's cheeks.

Mr. Rush is evidently touched by the poor lady's appeal; and if the landlady had but a keen perception she would also see that he is struck by the fair applicant, for his eyes rarely wander from her face, and Emily looks down upon her daintily-gloved little hands and blushes confusedly.

Mrs. Jones has known Mr. Rush for a considerable time, and she is sure that she will find in him a father, and that she will have a beautiful country home and be very happy. And so, consequent upon Mrs. Sandford's reference being satisfactory—just as a mere matter of form—Miss Emily Sandford is engaged to be governess to Mr. Rush's children. The old lady is delighted, and as they shake hands before they depart, she is overwhelming in her expressions of gratitude. As Mr. Rush takes Emily's little hand in his great fist and (for him) gently presses it, he feels it tremble greatly.

Is this an ill-omen, a warning from a Greater Power, who knows what is to come in the not far distant future? Perhaps so. Poor Emily Sandford! Better had you died when your pretty blue eyes were smilingly turned with infant love to your mother's face when she rocked you in your cradle and sang a sweet lullaby!

And now it will be as well to make a retrospect, so far as the career of this man who is to play the "lead" in this tragedy is concerned. Without entering into details of his married life, which for his poor wife, who bore him so many children, was a most unhappy one, I will cite one or two of the episodes which made him, perhaps, the most disliked—hated possibly would be a better word—man in Norwich. He was, for his class, a fairly well educated man, for he had for some years practised as an auctioneer in that town and had exhibited a deal of shrewdness in business matters, and had a fair amount of legal knowledge. We find on reference to the records of the cases held at the Norfolk Assizes that during the Michaelmas term of 1838 a Mr. Clarke, a solicitor of Wymondham, opposed Rush at the suit of a female named Dank. She sued him, being destitute, in formâ pauperis, to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage, she having become enceinte and compelled to seek the shelter of a workhouse in consequence of Rush positively refusing to afford her any monetary assistance. This action was tried at the Norfolk Assizes after Hilary Term, 1839, when a verdict was returned for the unfortunate girl, and referring to the bill of costs the sum of £26 2s. 3d. is taxed. His wife was alive at that time. Next there is an instance mentioned of his infamy in the "Brighton Herald," which occurred some time afterwards. Rush introduced himself into a highly-respectable family residing near the then, as now, fashionable watering-place, and proffered marriage to one of the daughters. Fortunately, however, inquiries laid bare his



J. B. Rush, the murderer.
(From a sketch made in court.)

back in his chair and puffed at his cigar, which he held between two great, coarse, fat fingers.

"Certainly, Mr. Rush, I shall be very pleased," is the courteous and obliging landlady's reply.

After thanking her, Mr. Rush takes from his small black brief-bag, which is upon the floor beside him, a number of long packets of blue papers, tied up with pink tape, and there is no mistaking what they are—legal documents. Having been absorbed in these for some time his studies are disturbed by a dainty rat-tat-tat at the street door. So he hastily collects his papers and replaces them, pulls up his cravat, glances at his coarse features in the glass, and stands upon the hearthrug awaiting the introduction of, as he feels sure, the first applicant for the situation as his governess.

The landlady enters with a card in her hand which she gives to Mr. Rush. Upon it is "Mrs. Sandford," and written in a neat pointed hand beneath is, "Miss Emily Sandford."

"Show the ladies up, ma'am," says Rush, still gazing at the card. "Rather a pretty name; wonder what the girl's like?"

Immediately enter two ladies, both well dressed, with a touch of style about them, but by no means attired in

character—it was discovered that he was already married and his designs were frustrated. So much for Mr. Rush as a lady-killer.

Now, as to his principle in business matters, I am compelled to take my reader for a short time into the commercial surroundings of this case, for they form the hinge upon which the whole drama swings.

At Stanfield Hall there died, in October, 1847, the Rev. George Preston, who left his vast estates to his son. This gentleman on succeeding to the property, for some reason best known to himself, elected to take the name of Jermy. Near to the Stanfield Hall estate (exactly three-quarters of a mile) was Potash Farm, and Rush was its tenant. He also leased Stanfield Farm, and another at Felmingham was occupied by his mother. As early as 1844 the reverend gentleman's son (afterwards Mr. Jermy) advanced Rush considerable sums of money at various times upon the Potash Farm, the equity of redemption be-



"I want to speak to you."

longing to Rush. The first mortgage was dated September 20, 1844, and recited several previous mortgages, £5,000 being charged in all upon that estate, in favour of Mr. Isaac Jermy, and the money was to remain on the security of that estate until November 20, 1848, giving four years and two months to pay the money, reduce the indebtedness, or make some mutual arrangement for its renewal.

The above last-mentioned date, November 20, 1848, I wish my readers to keep in mind, for it has a most important bearing upon the tragic event to be recounted. Long before this, however, Rush and Jermy had had several disputes about the Stanfield Farm, and even as far back as 1837 the latter put in certain distresses. Mr. Jermy also brought an action against Rush for misiculture of the land of that farm. Consequently, it might well be understood no particular good feeling existed between them.

Rush was a vindictive man, and he cursed the actions of his landlord on more than one occasion, a man named Flower having heard him say in bitter tones that he would not be long before he served Jermy (father and son) with ejectments for the other world, for it would appear that he was as incensed against the younger Jermy as much, if not more than his father. Rush had been also frequently

heard to say, "Damn them both! I will do for them the first opportunity I have!"

It may be as well to state here that immediately after the death of the Rev. George Preston two persons made a claim upon the estate of Stanfield Hall—one of the name of Jermy, the other that of Lamer. So great was Rush's hatred for the Jermys, that when this action, "*Jermy v. Jermy*," as to who was the rightful owner of the Stanfield Hall and Farlingham Estates, and as to breaches of covenants said to have been committed by Rush on the first mentioned property, the latter published a pamphlet entitled, "*Reports and Comments on the Trial at Norwich Assizes, March, 1848, etc.*"

After alluding to what Rush had done for the Stanfield Hall Farm, the pamphlet went on, showing bitter animosity on the part of Rush towards the Jermys, and I am afraid that I must quote rather extensively from it in order that my readers may be able to closely follow the development of the case, when by so doing they will save much of the monotony connected with the trial when we come by-and-by to that period.

The published document continues as follows:

"Let anyone look at the above and then consider the baseness and villany in bringing an action against anyone under such circumstances. The fields are all there, and the numbers on the map will show I am right, and having known the money I have expended for artificial manures, etc., and after having let his farms for upwards of £200 a-year more than the farms were let to me, when wheat was 6s. per quarter less than it was when the rent was set to me in 1838, and reserving to himself 79 acres, 2 roods, 16 poles, that is not let at present. Such conduct was never before heard of, not even in Ireland, and I am determined it shall be known, for the sake of my sons, and any other young people who may be led away by such rascals, and who embark all their property on other people's lands. And here I warn my sons never to take larger businesses in hand than they have capital for. It has been my ruin, and of hundreds besides. Even if the villain had behaved as he ought to have done—to have acted with common honesty—I should never have done myself much good; not half so much as I should if I had remained at Dalling, where I should have been complete master of what I had in hand, and also have increased my business as auctioneer and valuer, which no one had a better opportunity than I, and no one ever had a practice I had for the time I was in it. But enjoying so much business, and laying myself bare of money, and not keeping my payments up as I ought, was the ruin of me, as well as others similarly situated.

"But, after all, this is no reason I should now be ruined in character by this villain, as well as my property all being swallowed up by him. He has done all he can to vilify me in every way, as has been shown in a former part of this statement, and is well known to all those who have had conversation with him about me, by representing me to have money, whereas he knows I have none. I sometimes think, when I had so much money by me last Michaelmas, if, instead of giving it up to my creditors, I had kept it, and been as great a rogue as he had represented me to be, I should have been thought more of, and not have been shunned by some of those who have always professed so much friendship. But, be that as it may, I hope the time is coming when such will not be the opinion, and that God Almighty will stand my friend, and I shall be able to show my children that, although I have to begin the world, as it were, again, without a sixpence I can call my own, I shall get through much better than if I kept the money. At least I think so, and I can safely say and call God to be my judge, under all my trials I have gone through I have never been so happy as I am now, for ever since 1838 I have always been in debt, and particularly after the hailstorm. Although the committee acted very liberally there is no one knows

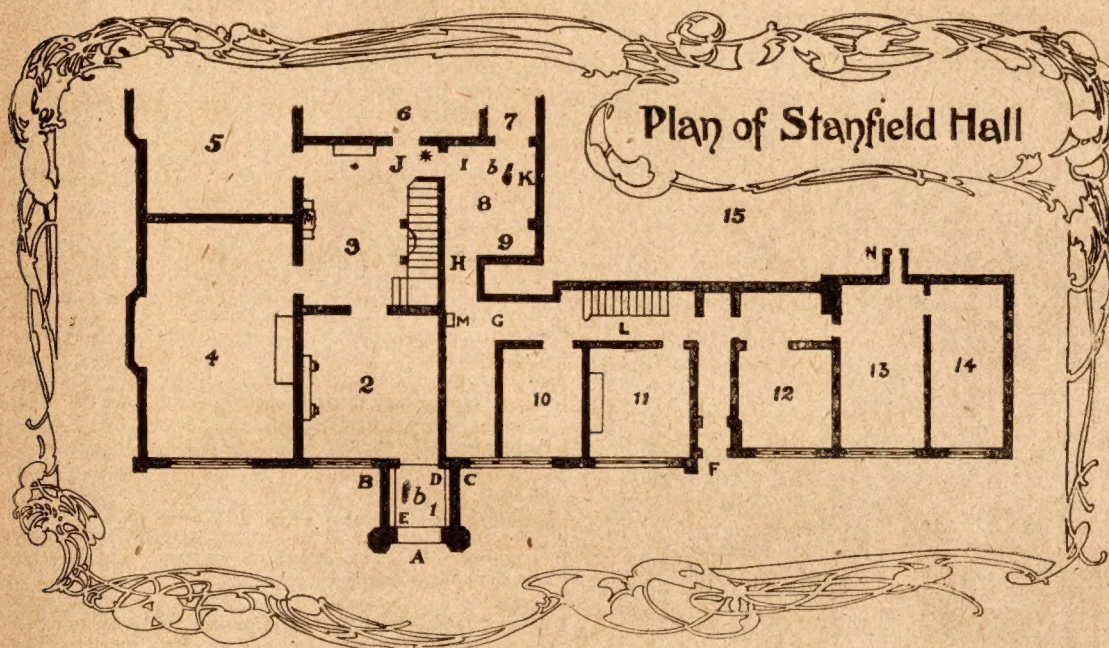
what I suffered. . . . I could easily prove I lost £1,700 by that dreadful storm. But I have always said He that took away can replace, and I do not doubt for a moment that He will restore it when He thinks fit. . . .

"This fellow Jermy has no right to the Stanfield Hall estate. He knows it, and he knows I know it as well. His whole conduct, in keeping possession and taking the name of Jermy, and his behaviour to these poor people who have a right to it, has been most villainous and disgraceful to any man who can have any pretensions to respectability, and which I should be most happy to prove when called upon to do so. All of that would probably never have been brought to light if this fellow had only acted with common honesty, for I should not have taken the trouble to have gone over the multiplicity of papers that have been put in my hands on the subject. But I have now done so, and in concluding the account of the trial will follow a case

ful, displaying all the worst passions mixed with blasphemous appeals. Still, there were many enemies of the Jermys who sympathised with Rush at the time, deciding for themselves that he was a martyr, and that the Jermys were tyrants.

It was upon the business of his endeavours to deprive Mr. Isaac Jermy, in conjunction with his confederates, that he had come to London, and when he advertised for the governess. A few days after the scene in the sitting-room of the lodging-house Rush returned to his home at Potash Farm, and in another week Emily Sandford was installed in her new situation. It would appear that she was delighted with her position, and her master paid her the greatest attention. Too much, no doubt, for his firm will and strong animal passions soon proved that she was amenable to his every desire.

It was never known when she fell, nor is it necessary to dwell upon so delicate a subject. Suffice it to say that



Plan of Stanfield Hall

A.—Entrance porch by which Mr. Jermy had gone out, and where his body was found.
B and C.—Corners, in one of which it is supposed the assassin was secreted when Mr. Jermy came out.
D.—The point from which it appears the fatal shot was fired.
E.—The place where Mr. Jermy fell.
F.—The side-door where the assassin entered the interior of the house.

G.—The point at which he was seen by the butler.
H.—The short passage towards the staircase hall.
I.—The spot where the murderer was when he met Mr. Jermy, junior.
J.—Spot where Mr. Jermy, junior, fell.
K.—The place where Mrs. Jermy was shot.
L.—Long passage.
M. M.—The lamps.

N.—The back door.
6. 6.—The stains of blood on the floor.
1. Porch. 2. Entrance Hall. 3. Staircase hall. 4. Drawing-room. 5. Dining-room. 6. Brown parlour or library. 7. Passage. 8. Lobby. 9. Butler's pantry. 10. Housekeeper's room. 11. Cook's pantry. 12. Servants' Hall. 13. Back kitchen. 14. Back yard.

drawn up so as to show who is the real owner of the Stanfield estate, and the means this fellow has taken to keep the real owner out of possession. . . . I have lots of other documents that could be referred to, and perhaps some of them are of more importance than those mentioned in the case, as I am not lawyer enough to know this. . . . I do hope someone will come forward with money and oust this fellow who has not half so much right to the property as I have. . . . I know one thing, if there is any truth in the Bible, such villainy is sure to be overtaken, and that when it may be least expected. But, as I have said, all these matters I leave in His hands, being sure that judgment will come sooner or later. . . ."

The above extract from this extraordinary pamphlet shows Mr. James Bloomfield Rush in his true colours—a vindictive, spiteful, arrogant, self-assuring man, anxious to blackmail, but willing to compromise, threatening, yet fear-

within three months of her engagement she, for a very brief period, lived with him as his mistress at Stansfield Farm, his children still residing at Potash Farm, and Emily Sandford ceased to be their governess. *Three months after she knew Rush, the pair came to London together and lived as man and wife. This was in the February of 1848, and they occupied lodgings at No. 2, Milne Street, Islington. Rush appeared to be most devoted to his lady-love, and she was delighted with the round of pleasures he provided for her in the Metropolis, for she had seen little of the world, and was apparently most impressionable to its pleasures. They lived in Islington under the names of Mr. and Mrs. James, and it was there that much of the business was done in Rush's endeavour to bring about the rights of Jermy (no relation, I believe, whatever, to the Recorder of Norwich, but a soft-brained old man of seventy years of age, and evidently a tool in Rush's hands) and Larner, who, by the bye, were cousins, for it was there that many documents were signed, and the confiding and unsuspecting Emily affixed

her signature. But of those, and how they bear upon the perpetration of the crime, anon, when the trial is recorded.

After a prolonged sojourn in London, the supposed Mr. and Mrs. James returned to Norwich, and there Emily Sandford was put up at the Bowling Green Inn, Rush having preceded her the day before, and gone on to Potash Farm. Emily only stayed there one night, and it would appear was not made very welcome by the landlady of the house. This was on Monday, the 5th of October, and the next day she left the inn, and, by the instructions of Rush, went to some lodgings he had provided for her at a Mrs. Stacey's, at Norwich, where she remained for some time, Rush frequently visiting her, and bringing her many documents to copy, and inducing her to affix her signature to several deeds as witness, although nobody signed in her presence. The poor girl was so much under the man's influence that she simply did that which she was told.

Naturally, there was a scandal in a town like Norwich,



"To-night I shall succeed!"

and evidently Rush, finding that he could not disguise the fact that he was living with his former governess, determined to take her openly to Potash Farm. There he could make more use of her for his purpose of fabricating the documents he was hoping to use against Jermy in his endeavour to deprive him of his property. This was on Friday, the 3rd of November, 1848.

Now it will be remembered that the time expired for the foreclosure of the £5,000 mortgage upon the 28th of that month, so the schemer had little time to mature his plans. Emily Sandford was constantly employed there in copying out documents, and her signature was again frequently required as witness. Devoted as Rush still appeared to be to her, she became nervous and suspicious that all was not as it should be. And here it may be stated that the girl was far advanced in pregnancy, and, although a patient little creature, became anxious that the man who had ruined her should keep his promise to marry her and make her a respectable woman. He always had an excuse. He would sit her on his knee and fondle her, declaring that

a few weeks would make no difference. "Let me get this business over, my lass," he would say, giving her a kiss. "Let me get that villain out of the way, and then—then, my darling, I will think only of pleasure, which you, my love, alone shall share, and our child shall never have cause to blush, for long before we shall be man and wife."

As days went on, Rush became more irritable and excited. He seemed to have lost his usual self-possession and determined action.

One morning he said, "I am going to Norwich, Emily, and shall not be back until six o'clock dinner. I will bring you some of that old port from the Bowling Green Inn that you like so much, and some nuts; we will have a quiet evening together, for I have much to say to you."

Rush was not home until past eight, and dinner, save that saved and kept warm for him, was cleared away. He was strangely excited, and did not greet his mistress with his customary affection. She had been crying, and he saw it, for her eyes were red. He had not brought her the nuts and port wine, but he had brought a pint flask of brandy. He looked at her curiously, and, taking a glass, poured some out, and with a trembling hand placed it before her and asked her to drink.

There was something about his manner which made her hesitate, and she distinctly heard the words, "Don't touch it! It will kill you!" She turned, but there was nobody near. It was an unknown voice from one who was shaping that villain's end slowly but surely.

He begged her to take a little of the brandy. It would do her good, he persisted. But she shook her head, and said, "No, James; you drink some first, then perhaps I may take a little." But he frowned, and made some excuse, and the voice again seemed to say to Emily Sandford, "Touch it not!"

It was well that she did not perhaps, or never might this scoundrel have been brought to justice.

Then, irritable and disagreeable, he told her, with a demoniacal laugh, that he had caused it to be circulated about Norwich that he was about to be married to a rich widow.

"Yes, I have heard, James Rush," replied Emily Sandford, in, for the first time, severe tones since she had known him—"I have heard the rumour that you have stated publicly that you are about to marry my aunt at Maidenhead. It is a lie! You, James Rush, I tell you to your face"—and the girl rose indignantly before him, and pointed her finger scornfully at the pale and frowning man—"you will repent before you die that you have not made me your wife!" Then bursting into tears, the poor girl, having shot off her only shaft of indignation from her poorly-furnished quiver, went sobbing to bed. They slept in different rooms that night.

Naturally there was a coldness between them; but it did not suit Rush. He had still use for his poor tool, he thought, although he felt that she knew too much for him to be safe. But her end could wait a day or two, so he tried to make it up—said he had been upset—drinking and worried. So their relationships assumed almost a normal state. Still, there was little happiness for poor Emily Sandford. Alone all day, and now every evening Rush, at a certain time, about seven o'clock, would get up and pace the room, and drink neat gin (his favourite spirit). Then he would talk to her of those cursed poachers that infested the preserves connected with his farm, and would say, "I'll do for them, by God, before I've finished!" And then a ferocious expression would come into his eyes that struck horror into the woman's heart. He would then generally take down his double-barrelled gun, and, putting on his great-coat, stalk out, in spite of her entreaties for him to remain, and her persuasions that his life was in danger if he should meet them alone.

Again he would give that horrible, unnatural chuckle that made the girl tremble, and say, "Never fear; they'll do me no harm. It is my turn."

One evening that they had finished dinner rather earlier than usual, and were sitting on each side of the fireplace, for it was very cold, Rush had his elbows upon his knees and his hands clasped before him as he stooped his great shoulders. He was looking vacantly into the glowing embers of the fire, and, with the red glare upon his face and bushy eyebrows, he might well have impersonated Mephistopheles, had his features not been so broad and massive, for there was a peculiar light in his eyes, and a curious, demoniacal expression upon his countenance. Emily was reading. Suddenly the man startled her by calling upon her in a peculiar, sepulchral voice.

"Emily," he said, "how many times have I been out now after those poachers?"

"I think it must have been six nights, James," was her reply. "Why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking of that story you read to me

down a sickly yellow, and the sky became as black as ink. The wind howled and moaned through the trees, and whistled along the bare twigs of the hedgerows. The ground was very soft, for there had been a deal of rain, and the lanes were ankle deep in mud. It was what sailors would call a "very dirty night," for it was like to rain heavily had the wind dropped, and even between the gusts now and again the raindrops would lash the faces of those who dared go out such a night.

Standing alone, Stanfield Hall looked like some great bank, darker still than the almost black sky, and nobody would have taken it for a habitation but for a few lights that flickered through the darkness from the windows.

But if the aspect outside the mansion of Mr. Isaac Jermy is so uninviting, within the scene is very different. There in every room, in every corridor, upon every staircase and



"IT IS A LIE! YOU, JAMES RUSH!"

the other night about Robert Bruce watching the spider trying to swing on to the wall. He tried six times, and failed; but the seventh time he made the effort and got there. Bruce gained courage by the spider's lesson of perseverance. I'll do likewise. Six times have I been out after those poachers. To-night I shall succeed. I am going for my coat and my gun."

It was in vain for Emily Sandford to plead, she knew that well enough. So, after an absence of rather longer than usual, he returned attired in his heavy cloak, not his coat, as usual, opened the door, and then, standing on the threshold, said:

"Mark my words, Emily. To-night I shall succeed!" and, banging the door to, was lost in the darkness.

* * * * *

The evening of November 28th, 1848, was very cold. The dark clouds that had been lowering all day and threatening a fall had closed in together as the sun went

in every bedroom, there is not only warmth and comfort, but evidence of wealth and luxury. It is a large mansion, and belongs to a rich man, for the master of the house keeps two male and six female servants within the walls, to say nothing of many others employed in stables and gardens.

It is, indeed, a handsome establishment, thoroughly typical of a wealthy county gentleman's mansion. The hour is eight o'clock, and dinner is over. It has been but a family dinner party, for rarely are there many guests entertained at Stanfield Hall. Mr. Isaac Jermy is not a man for much company, and his son invites but few friends. At dinner, which is usually served at six o'clock, there were only four at table on this particular evening—Mr. and Mrs. Jermy, sen., and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jermy-Jermy.

It is the custom after dessert for the younger members of the family to retire to the drawing-room for a little music or for a hand at cards. This evening the latter is to be indulged in, and the cards, counters, and markers are placed

upon the card-table, whilst they await the presence of their parents for a quiet rubber at whist before retiring to the luxuriously, but old-fashioned, furnished bedrooms, in which the fires are cheerfully blazing for their comfort.

Mrs. Jermy usually sits at the table after her husband and son and daughter-in-law have left for a few minutes, whilst the butler is clearing some of the things, giving instructions for her favourite maid, Eliza Chestney, as to arrangements for the morrow, and this evening such is the case. Mr. Jermy, senior, has gone, in accordance with his invariable custom after dinner, through the entrance-hall, in which hangs a large oil lamp, and where there is a bright fire burning in the grate, to the door of the main entrance. This he opens and steps into the spacious porch to get, as he puts it, "a breath of fresh air after dinner."

The clock in the hall is chiming a quarter-past eight when, to the startling dismay of all the occupants of the house, "Bang!" goes the report of a firearm, heard from the direction of the open door. Mr. Isaac Jermy falls dead without a single movement, for the contents of a horse-pistol, loaded heavily with slugs, have torn his heart to pieces. Immediately following this report a man, disguised in cloak and black whiskers, passes through the side-entrance, the door to which is on the latch, and rushes down the corridor leading to the hall. In doing so he encounters the butler, whom he throws aside with his elbow. Mrs. Jermy, in the meanwhile, has rushed from the dining-room, and, with a piercing shriek, sees her husband upon the ground, by the light of the hall lamp, weltering in his blood. It is a fearful sight, and as she hastens towards him another loud report is heard close to the staircase, and the younger Mr. Jermy falls forward upon his face a corpse.

Then in an instant the assassin levels a weapon at Eliza Chestney, who is running to her mistress's assistance, exclaiming, "Oh, my poor mistress!" Another report, and the girl, giving three piercing shrieks, falls, as she does so groaning out, "Oh, my God, I am shot!" The charge has entered her hip. Old Mrs. Jermy, now fainting with fright at what she has seen, turns towards the maid, when there is still another report, and the old lady falls upon the floor in the hall, with her elbow shattered, and she swoons.

All is silence, and the assassin has disappeared.

It is an awful sight the butler looks upon as he emerges from his pantry, where he has not too bravely ensconced himself. And the other servants, who have been startled by the repeated firing, and who have come from the farther part of the house to ascertain the cause, stand paralysed with open mouths and livid faces.

The surprise once over, the butler and girl go to the door and shriek, "Murder! murder! Help! help!" and, as good fortune will have it, three of the men servants, who have been out on leave, are now returning and come panting into the house, accompanied by some friends who were making their way home.

Mrs. Jermy shows symptoms of returning consciousness, and is carried gently upstairs by strong arms and laid upon her bed. Eliza Chestney is unable to be removed from the hall, so pillows and coverings are brought for her. The dead are gently borne into the dining-room.

Then, when all is done that can be done for the wounded and the dead, the question is asked, "Who is the wretch who has committed this foul deed?"

Eliza Chestney, in spite of her terrible condition, raises herself upon her elbow, and, in a weak but firm voice, says:

"James Bloomfield Rush. I can swear to him amongst a thousand!"

THE Glasgow Mystery.

The strange case of JESSIE McLACHLAN, which gave rise to so much controversy and discussion in 1862, and the mysterious circumstances of which have never been adequately explained.

"Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent!"

—SHAKESPEARE, "Antony and Cleopatra,"
Act II., Sc. 5.



IN the year 1862 Glasgow was the scene of a very atrocious murder. The strangeness of the circumstances environing this crime became intensified the more they were looked into by those in charge of the case, and it is not too much to say

that even to this very hour much that is bizarre and mysterious in connection with the tragedy remains wholly unexplained. We know that a murder was committed of a particularly brutal

type; we know that a jury found a woman guilty of slaying one of her own sex; and we know that the convicted person endured the punishment commensurate with her crime. But we do not know what share or part an old gentleman bordering on ninety years of age had in this eventful history: whether he was merely the innocent object of a woman's perfidious malignity, or whether he was the guilty partner in the deed.

We do not know, though we may now be permitted to conjecture, whether the extraordinary story with which the woman endeavoured to explain away her share in the transaction was true or a conglomeration of lies. We are not sure whether this apparently harmless, passionless octogenarian himself did not concoct a mass of falsehood to exonerate himself and to involve the female in a frightful doom. To this day there are good judges—experts in evidence, connoisseurs of crime—who will assure you that this patriarch, if not the sole perpetrator of the murder, should at least have shared the woman's awful fate.

English and Scottish opinion at the time was divided into two hostile camps—the one confident in the guilt of the woman, the other convinced of the guilt of the old man. The echoes of the case were heard long after the woman had commenced her life-long punishment, for questions on the subject were actually asked in the House of Commons, and the man, considering himself and his reputation injured by the cancelling of the sentence of death passed on the woman, attempted to bring civil action to establish his innocence and clear his name. Altogether there are few more sensational and perplexing cases in the history of crime, and it is one that is often referred to with doubt and wonder.

In 1862 the case engaged for many months the anxious attention of the public in almost every part of the kingdom. There resided in the year mentioned at 17, Sandyford Place, Glasgow, a gentleman of the name of Fleming, who was an accountant and very respectably connected. Early in the month of July this gentleman went for a summer holiday to a place on the coast called Dunoon, taking with him most of the members of his family, and on Friday, July 4, the remaining members left Glasgow to join the head of the household at the seaside resort—with one exception. That was Mr. James Fleming, an old gentleman who had attained to the great age of 87, and who was the father of Mr. John Fleming. This greybeard remained behind in the house on the night of July 4, and he and a servant named Jessie McPherson, aged 38, were then its sole inmates. On the afternoon of Monday, July 7, it was discovered that this woman servant had been murdered with every circumstance of atrocity. According to the old man's statement, he went to bed at his usual hour on the Friday night, leaving Jessie McPherson at work in the scullery. At four o'clock on the

following morning he was a little disturbed by the sound of "a squeal," as he described it, two or three times repeated in the sunk flat of the house, but, strange to relate, he took no steps to ascertain the cause of these weird cries, but went to sleep again. The servant was not again seen alive, and the old man missed her in the morning—missed her all day, missed her throughout the whole of Sunday, and again on the Monday, but made no inquiries and informed no one of her strange disappearance. He contrived to cook and clean up for himself, unalarmed, apparently, at this vanishing of the usual servant, and it was not until Monday afternoon, when Mr. John Fleming returned home, that anything was done to discover what had happened to the woman. Mr. Fleming immediately instituted a search for the missing Jessie, and, going downstairs to the sunk flat, her bedroom was found to be locked and the key removed. An entrance was forced, and the body of the unfortunate woman was

In the meanwhile other strange facts came to light, fresh circumstances transpired, and it was no great time before the current of suspicion was diverted into another channel.

Mr. Fleming discovered that some silver plate had been stolen from the house on the night of the murder, and on the following Wednesday it was found that this had been pledged with a pawnbroker in East Clyde Street. Much turned, then, on the identity of the person who had pawned the plate, and this proved to be one Jessie McLachlan, the wife of a respectable seafaring man, living in the Broomielaw. Mrs. McLachlan was a pleasant-spoken, rather good-looking woman of about 30, and not considered by those intimate with her as likely to blossom into a ferocious murderer. Still, the pawning of the plate looked strange and suspicious, and she was instantly arrested, whereupon she admitted that she was the person who had pledged the goods, but emphatically declared that she had been the in-



LYING ON THE FLOOR, FACE DOWNWARDS.

found lying on the floor, face downwards, in a state near to absolute nudity, with three fearful wounds in the head, which had seemingly been inflicted with some heavy and sharp instrument. Her clothes, covered with blood, were strewn about the room, and the bed-sheet, also blood-stained, was found wrapped up and placed behind the door. Leading from this room to the kitchen streaks of blood were also seen, and on closer examination the conclusion was come to that here the deed had been done. The body had apparently been dragged through the lobby to the bedroom, then placed on the bed, undressed, and afterwards left in the position in which it was found. The kitchen, too, had been partially washed out and scrubbed.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that suspicion was at once directed to the other occupant of the house, the old man, whose conduct, even if his own story were true, was most extraordinary. That he should allow the woman to disappear without making the least search or inquiry was almost incredible, and he was accordingly arrested and brought before the sheriff, who, after a long preliminary examination, remanded him to prison.

strument of old Fleming, who, she said, had given her the plate early on the Friday night, with instructions to pawn it on the following morning.

The old gentleman was now confronted with this person, and he positively asserted that he had never even set eyes on her! This was mysterious in itself, for it became known that McLachlan had formerly herself been a servant in Mr. John Fleming's employ, and for years she had been on intimate terms with the murdered woman. It was hardly possible for old Fleming to have entirely forgotten his fellow-prisoner, and I believe that he afterwards admitted to some recollection of her, although he said that he had not seen her on many occasions. Inquiry was continued, and it was ascertained that Mrs. McLachlan had also pawned some wearing apparel belonging to deceased, and this circumstance deepened the suspicions already formed. The utmost exertions of the police failed to bring to light anything which could involve a third party, and it was certain that the burden of guilt lay between old Fleming, who had been on the premises when the deed was done, and Jessie McLachlan, who had pawned the goods. I venture to think, at

this lapse of time, that the wiser and better course on the part of the authorities would have been to commit both suspects for trial, but this plan was not adopted in the apprehension that, if the two were charged in common, both might escape from the want of sufficient evidence to convict either, unless the testimony of the one could be applied against the other. At any rate, the magisterial investigation terminated in the release of the old man and the full committal of Jessie McLachlan.

The trial of this woman, who was also indicted under the name of Jessie McIntosh, commenced in the Circuit Court, at Glasgow, on September 18, 1862, and extended over the three ensuing days. The defence was undertaken by no less than three counsel, by whom an effort was, in the first place, made to prove that in her "declarations" prior to committal, she had been taken at a disadvantage. These declarations were a Scottish institution, and by means of them the public prosecutor has the power to question and afterwards to use his replies against a prisoner. It is essentially an un-English-like method, but in this the sheriff averred that he had warned the prisoner before her replies were given, and, besides, took care that none but legal questions were put to her.

The evidence of the old man Fleming was the critical portion of the case, and as he entered the witness-box—he was a thin, shrivelled, feeble object—a buzz of excitement ran through the crowded court. He gave his testimony in a broad Scotch dialect and with great precision and circumstantiality. He related how he had heard the "squeals" in the night; how he took no notice of them; how he had missed the deceased, and how he had provided his own dinner on the Sunday. He also told how he had put his clean shirts into a drawer in a room adjoining the kitchen, and observed that two of them had marks like spots of blood; how he went twice to kirk on the Sabbath, and how no search of the house was made, and no inquiry was made until his son returned to Glasgow. He declared again that he had never given the prisoner any articles of plate or instructed her to pawn any of the articles found in her possession, and which were known to have been the property of the murdered woman. In cross-examination he added that he had not communicated with the police because, in spite of the cries in the night, the disappearance of the woman and the spots of blood, he did not think there was anything wrong.

Prisoner's counsel was very severe with him, and commented on the apathy he had shown, but he had given his evidence in a straightforward way, and it could not be shaken. Other important evidence, all tending to inculpate the woman in the dock, followed, and it was proved that she had left her house on the Friday night with the expressed object of visiting the deceased, and that she had not returned till about nine on the following morning, when she brought a bundle with her. Prior to the murder, it was shown, she had been in great distress for want of money. She had pledged a watch and some articles of clothing belonging to her husband, and was very anxious to redeem them before the latter's return from sea. It was proved that she redeemed these articles on the day after the murder, and she seemed unable to account for the possession of the necessary money. Portions, also, of the clothing which the prisoner had been in the habit of wearing were found, subsequently to the murder, much torn and stained with blood. Proof was given that the bloody footprints discovered in the bedroom where the body was found were not made by old Fleming, but might have been made by the prisoner, with the formation of, whose foot the marks coincided. The prosecution next proposed to put in the declaration made by the prisoner, and to this course the defence objected on several grounds, but they were overruled by Lord Deas, the presiding judge, who decided that they should be admitted.

They were accordingly read and were of great importance. The prisoner stated that she last saw the deceased in her own house in Broomielaw on June 28, and that she was not in or near Mr. Fleming's place on either the 4th or 5th of July, and was not in any way concerned with the murder or theft. She was in her own house all day on the Friday till about seven at night, and, after going out twice, returned finally about a quarter past eleven p.m., letting herself in by a check lock. She went to bed, and rose about to next morning, her little son sleeping with her. She admitted having the plate, but asserted that she had received it from old Mr. Fleming, who had warned her to say nothing about it. To the other articles belonging to deceased and pawned by her the prisoner appears to have made no reference, and this fact told largely against her.

Evidence was called on behalf of the accused, and it was proved that she and deceased had always been good friends

and had never had the slightest quarrel or misunderstanding. Witnesses came forward to prove that the dead woman had been heard to complain of the conduct of old Fleming. She had referred to him as "an old wretch" and "an old villain," and had disliked him as a very inquisitive old man who was "always troubling her, coming down into the kitchen and wanting to know who came in and who went out of the house." Two policemen deposed to finding a clothes-bag with a mark of blood on it in old Fleming's room, and another constable swore that he saw two women come out of the house on the Saturday evening, neither of whom was the prisoner.

The counsel for the defence made a very able and eloquent appeal to the jury. He argued that it was impossible to believe that a respectable woman like the prisoner, without any motive in the least degree adequate, without any absolute need or the pressure of want, for the sake of getting a few old dresses to pawn and a few pieces of plate upon which she could raise some £6, should have forgotten all claims of gratitude and affection, and with no other object than so



The arrest of Jessie M. Lachlan.

mean a one, should have inflicted on her friend the fearful wounds from which she died. He then went into a minute analysis of the evidence, pointing out the discrepancies as developed in the cross-examination, and renewed his argument as to the utter improbability of the murder having been committed by the prisoner under the circumstances alleged against her. He did not allude directly to his belief in the guilt of old Fleming, but it was sufficiently clear to those in court that if the innocence of the woman were accepted, the guilt of the old man must follow as a matter of course. Lord Deas summed up at great length, and then the jury retired to consider their verdict, returning in only twenty minutes' time. They unanimously pronounced the woman guilty of murder and theft. The prisoner immediately arose and said in a clear, resonant voice, "Well, I am as innocent of this murder as my own child, three years old."

A new and startling turn was now given to the case by a request, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, that a statement, written and placed by her in the hands of her law agent as far back as the 18th of August—a statement upon which she had herself wished her defence to be conducted—should now be read. "Yes, my lord," exclaimed the pris-

oner, "I should like that read." Lord Deas consenting, the statement, which was of great length, was accordingly produced. It was wonderfully minute and circumstantial in detail, but in substance it amounted to this: On the Friday night the prisoner did go up to the Flemings' house, as she wanted to see Jessie McPherson, and she found the latter sitting in the kitchen with the old man. Some cross words passed between the latter and McPherson, and at length old Fleming asked her to go and fetch some drink, for which he gave her the money. She went out, but found the public-houses were shut, and after a short absence returned without the stimulant. On re-entering the house, she found that there had been a fierce quarrel between servant and master, and that, either in a fit of passion or of purpose, Fleming had struck Jessie with the cleaver and seriously injured her head. She was not greatly alarmed at this, and as neither the injured woman nor Fleming wanted a doctor to be fetched, she made no attempt to get one, but consented to stop and watch her friend during the night. Gradually the wounded woman recovered from the stupor into which she had been thrown by the blow, and she then accused old Fleming of wanting to take liberties with her, and striking her because she had threatened to expose him. The old man, meanwhile, was in a state of alarm for fear of his character being injured, offered both the women money to hold their tongues, got them to swear on the Bible not to mention the matter, and busied himself for hours in clearing away all traces of the assault.

Towards morning Jessie became much worse, and at last the prisoner left the dying woman's side with a view to procuring medical aid. While she was out of the room she heard screams, and running back, found that the old man had killed Jessie by chopping her with the cleaver. At first Mrs. McLachlan was too frightened for her own life to call out, and when she recovered her senses, Fleming threatened to accuse her of the murder if she said anything, and told her that both of them would be suspected, and that her best chance of escape was to make it appear that the house had been robbed and the servant murdered by the burglars. He thereupon gave her the plate and the clothing, and, induced by fear of being herself suspected, she consented to dispose of the property and to be silent as to the crime.

The reading of this remarkable statement created a great sensation in court, but Lord Deas proceeded to pass sentence of death. Addressing the prisoner, he said, "Of the crime of murder you have been convicted by as intelligent and attentive a jury as ever I saw in the box, after a trial of very unusual length, conducted with the utmost possible patience and care. Your statement does not convey to my mind the slightest impression of truth; it conveys the impression of one of the most wicked falsehoods I ever listened to. In place of your statement throwing suspicion upon the old man, I think that if anything were wanting to satisfy the public mind of that man's innocence it would be that incredible statement which has now been read. Be that as it may, I must act upon the evidence and the verdict. I cannot do otherwise than say that I concur in that verdict, and that I think no other one would have been consistent with the ends of justice. In that state of matters, the law leaves me no alternative whatever but to pronounce the sentence prescribed for the crime of which you have been convicted." Then, with the usual formalities, his lordship passed sentence of death on the prisoner without holding out a hope of mercy.

So ended this remarkable trial, but no sooner were reports of it circulated through the country than people began to entertain very grave doubts as to the correctness of its result, and the justice either of the verdict or sentence. In Scotland especially a very strong and general impression prevailed that the woman's statement was at worst no more improbable than that of the old man, and some sympathy was felt for her, inasmuch as the defence had not rested upon the lines of her statement, as she had wished it to do. Then, again, many found it hard to believe that the old man, if not the actual murderer, had no share in the deed, and it was felt that he had certainly not told all that he knew. Controversy ran high, and everywhere the case was the subject of argument and dispute. Public meetings were held, petitions drawn up, memorials formed, all calling loudly upon the Home Secretary to at least stay the execution until some further inquiry should be made.

In Glasgow, the impression that the prisoner had given something like a true statement of what had occurred gained strength from hour to hour, and as the day appointed for her execution (October 11th) drew near, it was said amongst the inhabitants of that city not only that she ought not to be executed, but that "it would take three regiments of sol-

diers to hang her." At last the reluctant Home Secretary—it was Sir George Grey—after lengthened consultation with the highest legal authorities in Scotland, agreed to institute a further investigation, and with that view, he directed that the prisoner should stand reprieved until the 1st of November. At the same time he announced that, if the result of the inquiry should not tend to confirm the truth of the prisoner's statement, the original sentence would inevitably be carried out.

Mr. Young, a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar, was commissioned by the Government to conduct the inquiry, which took place at Glasgow on the 16th, 17th, and 18th October, 1862, the proceedings being secret. Mr. Young sent a complete report to the Home Office with all promptitude, and on the 28th of October it was announced that the sentence of death had been respited from November 1st until Her Majesty should further express her pleasure.

A week later a further communication was received from the Home Secretary, who announced that the death sentence had been commuted to penal servitude for life. The feelings of that portion of the public which was friendly to Mrs. McLachlan were now fully gratified, but those who just as firmly believed in the innocence of Mr. Fleming were up in arms at once. They asserted, with some reason, that the Government would only have respited the woman in the belief that her statement was more or less the truth. In other words, the Government had convinced itself of the guilt, or part guilt, of old Fleming, and it was impossible for any innocent man to remain passive under such an imputation. His law agents immediately opened a correspondence with Sir George Grey, drawing attention to the position in which his decision re McLachlan had placed their client, and requesting the Home Office to publicly express an opinion "that the alteration in the sentence was not intended to lead to the inference that Mr. Fleming was otherwise than innocent of the murder of Jessie McPherson."

Sir George Grey, in his reply, said he must decline to express any opinion on the matter. On the 7th of November Fleming's legal advisers reopened the subject, urging that a fresh investigation should be made in order that their client might be afforded an opportunity of testing the truth of any statements made at the secret inquiry tending to incriminate him. On November 14th, Mr. Clive, in the name of Sir George Grey, intimated to these lawyers that it was not in the power of the Home Office to direct a judicial inquiry to be held into the guilt or innocence of any person not charged with any offence, especially since, by the law of Scotland, Fleming could not be tried for the murder since he had been examined as a witness at a criminal trial in respect to the same. Mr. Clive added that the result of the inquiry satisfied Sir George Grey that the whole facts had not been submitted to the jury, and that sufficient doubt existed to justify him in recommending a commutation of the sentence to penal servitude for life. But the result of the inquiry was far from removing all uncertainty, nor could it be justly held to fix a share of the guilt on any other person, especially when such person was unrepresented at the inquiry.

At a later period, the painful peculiarity of old Fleming's position was made the subject of a discussion in the House of Commons, but Sir G. Grey adhered to his opinion that nothing in the shape of a trial or an inquiry could be instituted for the vindication of his character, which the old man craved. And there the matter at length rested.

Old James Fleming died some three years after this memorable trial, and maintained his story to the last. He declared on his death-bed that he was not in any way concerned in the murder of the unfortunate servant, and, strange as his conduct was when the latter disappeared, I am, after a very careful analysis of the case, inclined to believe him.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—"Thinking that it would interest readers to know what was the ultimate fate of the convicted woman, we have instituted certain inquiries, and have learnt that Jessie McLachlan was released in October, 1877, on ticket-of-leave, after having served fifteen years' imprisonment. During all that time her conduct is described as having been quite exemplary, and her health was uniformly excellent. She was interviewed on behalf of one of the London dailies on obtaining her freedom, and declared her absolute innocence of the crime. She adhered to her account of what happened on the fatal night, and referred to the "injustice of the sentence" which punished her and let old Fleming go free. It was understood that she was going abroad with her husband and boy, now grown up to man's estate. She lived to a good old age in one of the Southern States of America, and maintained her innocence to the last."—THE EDITOR, FAMOUS CRIMES.

*He sent many notable
Criminals to their last
account.*

JAMES BERRY.

CONSTABLE,
BOOTMAKER,
and
HANGMAN.

IN olden times the office of hangman was one of note, if not of honour, and the aspirant to the dignity of executioner was inducted into office by the magistrates, took a solemn oath that he would carry out the last penalty of the law without fear or favour, even if he were called upon to kill his own parents, and was dismissed with the ignominious words, "Get thee gone, wretch!" In those days little mystery surrounded the man who officiated on the gallows, and his personality was as well known to the public as is that of M. Deibler to the Parisian gamin of to-day. He did his work openly, and was seldom molested by the crowd, save when he fulfilled his office on some popular criminal, or hopelessly bungled over his gruesome task. Rarely was it necessary, save in revolutionary times, for him to be masked. With the introduction of the Private Executions Bill, the position of the hangman was greatly altered; few people knew more than the name of the man to whom was entrusted the carrying out of the death sentence, and the public at large conjured up for itself a creature devoid of every feeling of humanity, a species of demonic butcher, who, they imagined, resembled the executioner. How far the popular idea of the successors of Jack Ketch is correct our readers will be able to judge for themselves.

We have already described the main characteristics of Calcraft and Marwood, men who conducted hangings in public, or before a limited number of spectators, composed of pressmen and other favoured persons, and who, therefore, were fairly well known to the masses; and now we come to those whose labours have been none the less important, but whose unpleasant work has been done in stricter privacy.

In 1883 Marwood was gathered to his fathers, and the post of executioner fell vacant. As might be expected, the social status of those who applied for the ghastly office varied greatly, for since the passing of the Private Executions Bill several coveted the awful position who had previously been debarred from seeking it through fear of publicity. It is even said that a member of the aristocracy was to be found in the list of those who asked to be employed in removing murderers from this earth; for the most part, however, the candidates were respectable artisans.

One applicant, named Scholefield, based his claims to the post on the strength of a "new hanging invention," which was then described:

The rope, the ordinary half-inch white hemp, passed through a double brass clamp, forming a loop which could be adjusted to the exact thickness of the neck of the criminal. Immediately before the clamp, a brass crescent was fitted, measuring nine inches from tip to tip, and projecting three inches from the rope. This crescent was so adjusted as to lie on the shoulder of the condemned, while the double rope is looped to one side, allowing a drop of from two to four feet. The principle was that the moment the criminal was swung off the crescent pressed against the side of the head, whilst the rope pulled the head sharply in the opposite direction, snapping the spinal cord and causing instant death.

A selection of about half-a-dozen was made from the would-be hangmen, and they were invited to present themselves, at their own expense, at the Old Bailey, on the 10th of September, 1883, to interview the sheriffs, who would then select a man for the post.

Among those who attended in Newgate Street on that day was a young man, thirty-one years of age, and at that time employed as a salesman in a bootmaker's shop. His name was James Berry, and he stated that he was living in Bradford. In person he was moderately tall—about five feet eight inches—thick-set and muscular, so that his weight would top the scale at thirteen stone. His face was fresh-coloured and pleasant, his eyes bright and kindly, and his hair light. At the first glance the symmetry of his features was rather marred by a long scar on the right cheek, extending from the corner of the eye downwards, caused by a kick from a horse when a child, but when one got accustomed to the countenance this mark, which some would have thought was a disfigurement, no longer attracted notice.

A rapid examination of the candidates convinced the sheriffs that James Berry was the man for them. He was so different to the former executioners—almost refined in his way, though, of course, betraying his Yorkshire habit in his speech, of which he was never ashamed, for to the "Yorkshire Tyke" there is no other spot in England worthy of comparison with the largest of our counties. There was something about James Berry which told the grave citizens in the shrieval chairs that the painful duty which the hangman had to perform would be humanely and skilfully carried out by the man before them, and that nothing unseemly would be permitted by him to disgrace an execution. They remembered with a shudder how his predecessor had forgotten himself so far as to literally dance round Joe Brady, one of the Phoenix Park murderers, and they dreaded a repetition of such a display of cruel triumph.

Telling him that they would communicate with him when they had verified his references, they dismissed him. At the same time a second candidate was chosen to become "second string" to Berry, in the person of one Bartholomew Binns.

Berry returned to Bradford and continued work in the boot shop as usual, and a few days later he received a letter bearing the arms of the City of London. As soon as he was alone he opened the missive, and found therein a brief announcement to the effect that the sheriffs had seen fit to appoint Binns as hangman, and would bear his name in mind should the post fall vacant soon. This was rather a blow to him; however, he bore his disappointment bravely, and went on selling boots as cheerfully as before.

Let us now go back a little and see what the early life of the young man was who wished to take up the odious office of hangman.

James Berry was born in the little town of Heckmondwike, in Yorkshire, on February 8, 1852. His father was a respectable wool-stapler in the days before machinery had displaced all hand labour. Wool-staplers commanded fair wages during the middle of last century, and James received the rudiments of a decent education at Wrea Green School, near Lytham. There he made great progress, and gained several prizes for industry; but more especially he shone in writing and drawing. The former of these accomplishments was of use to him in later life, for he was employed for some time in writing copper-plate transfers for lithographers. His drawing showed great artistic promise, especially in the direction of design; but beyond providing him with an amusement, James does not seem to have turned this talent to account.

Arrived at man's estate, James Berry entered the Bradford and West Riding police, in which force he served with credit for eight years. As a memento of his days on the beat Berry bears a scar on his forehead received whilst attempting to arrest a ruffian in a public house at Bradford. The scoundrel was backed up by five other roughs, and when Berry grabbed his man, a free fight ensued, in the course of which the constable received a violent blow, which cut down to the bone. Assistance arrived, and the whole party were secured, and eventually sent to gaol for the assault.

In 1874 the policeman married, and in course of time had six children, two girls and four boys, but early death deprived him of two boys and a daughter.

While he was a constable, Berry called at the house of a friend one day, and there was introduced to Marwood, to whom he chatted and got on so well with him that he was invited to spend an evening in his company. This he did, and, as was natural, executions soon became the subject of their conversation. At first the veteran was chary of talking about his calling, but by degrees he thawed, and the pair discussed the subject in all its bearings. As time went on, the acquaintance thus formed ripened into friendship, and Berry learnt all that Marwood could teach him about hanging. It cannot be said that Marwood in any way attempted to draw Berry into his profession; on the contrary, he was perpetually lamenting to him the odium in which his calling was

held, and remarking sorrowfully: "My position is not a pleasant one; no, it is not pleasant."

Berry sympathised with the official as much as he could, and at that time had not the slightest idea of ever being an applicant for the post which Marwood so objected to. Mere curiosity led him to make inquiries as to apparatus used for executions, and as he was of an inventive turn of mind he thought over the appliances from time to time, to see if he could not improve upon them.

The injury received by Berry in the fracas at the public house in Bradford, to which reference has already been made,

fill, and his pockets were empty. Even then he would not have asked for the appointment, badly as he needed the emoluments attached to it, had he not become convinced that he could spare the condemned some suffering.

He talked the matter over with his wife and his relations. They were bitterly opposed to his even offering himself as hangman; but before all he saw the need of money. His mother was desperately ill—dying of cancer on the liver, in fact—and the young man knew that with more money he could help to soothe her dying hours, while he could manage better to support his family. The pinch of poverty at home,



proved more serious than was at first anticipated. He became unfitted for active police service from the effects thereof, and was compelled to resign from the force; and though these injuries were received in the execution of his duty, he was not granted a pension.

He then started work as a salesman, but the remuneration was trifling and the prospects small. Then came the day of Marwood's death. The shopman saw the announcement in the papers, and it struck him that he knew more about methods of execution than anybody else in the kingdom; why should not he apply for the post? True, his whole soul loathed the idea of hurrying a fellow-being into the grave, for he was kind-hearted to a degree, but at home there were mouths to

be supplied with the genuine desire to spare the doomed as much suffering as possible, turned the balance, and James Berry became a candidate for the office lately held by Marwood.

Mr. Withers, the Head Constable of Bradford, interested himself in Berry's application, owing, no doubt, to the facts that he was not in receipt of a pension, and that the injuries which necessitated his resignation from the police force were received whilst in the preservation of law and order. Mr. Withers wrote to the authorities when applications were poured in, that there were over 1,000—for the post of executioner, and that Berry's application was one which should receive special attention.

It was not he appointed, then, as his testimonials,

especially those from the police, were so good? It has been rumoured that some of his own relatives petitioned the sheriffs to reject the young man. Anyhow, he was not to be balked of his desire to better himself financially and to improve our methods of execution. He knew that some day his services would be needed, and he set to work to study the question of hanging from a scientific point of view in his spare time, getting much assistance from several Bradford doctors with whom he was acquainted.

His second opportunity for obtaining the post of hangman came soon, for Binns did not take congenially to the work. In March, 1884, two poachers—Vickers and Innes—lay under sentence of death in Calton Gaol, Edinburgh, for the murder of John Fortune and John Diarmid, and the magistrates of Edinburgh wanted an executioner. This was Berry's chance. He at once wrote to the town clerk of the Scottish capital offering to carry out the sentence. He stated that he had seen Marwood execute three men some years previously; had a rope which he had purchased from Marwood, and had had a couple made exactly like it, as well as possessing two complete sets of pinioning straps constructed from others lent to him by the old hangman. He added that he had learnt a lot from Marwood, and had studied the subject of hanging for some time. The fees he asked were ten guineas for himself, and one pound for his assistant, for each man hanged, besides second-class railway fares for both. After a little correspondence his terms were accepted, the magistrates stipulating that Berry was to provide all that was requisite except the standing machinery, and was to arrive at the gaol on March 27, four clear days before the date fixed for the executions.

It may be as well to point out here that Berry's mother had died since the previous September, as some persons have stated that she was killed by his acceptance of this office. There was a certain disappointment on the part of some of his relations at his choice of a calling, but never any unpleasantness. They would naturally have preferred that he should not become the hangman, but he never lost their regard. Statements to the effect that various members of his family died of grief when he took up the office of executioner may therefore be stigmatised as unqualified falsehoods. It is but just that we should state this.

By return of post Berry notified his acceptance, and then set about finding an assistant. This he did in the person of one Richard Chester. On the morning of the 27th he set out for Edinburgh to hang the Gorebridge murderers, and reached the gaol in time for tea. The governor of the prison was very kind to the young hangman, and insisted on his resting a little before they set out to inspect the gallows. That done, Berry was taken to his official room, a round chamber at the back of the prison, last occupied by Marwood some five years previously. There he began to have misgivings as to his ability to carry out the task he had undertaken. These, however, he soon overcame, and later joined the warders for a short chat and a smoke before retiring for the night. Before sleeping, however, this man whom the world was wont to regard as heartless, spent a long time in prayer for strength to do the unpleasant work before him, and also for the poor men whom he was about to hang. That little fact shows us more of Berry's real character than pages of description. Furthermore, it was a practice of his always to pray for those whom he was about to hurry into a premature grave, for Berry was—and is—a sincerely religious man.

Next day the magistrates arrived, and under the executioner's guidance inspected the scaffold and the ropes and straps which had been brought by Berry. The ropes were of five-eighths inch Italian silk hemp, thirteen feet long, with a brass thimble for the noose to play through. The drop was carefully tested, old ropes being used; then Berry was at liberty to rest in the gaol and read for the remainder of the day. Time after time his thoughts reverted to the horrid work before him, but he persistently diverted his mind, and when his own company became irksome, he sought recreation with the warders who were off duty.

On the Saturday the drop was again tested, and the actual ropes about to be used were stretched and placed in position. Vickers was given eight and a-half feet drop, and Innes, who weighed nine stone—a stone lighter than his comrade—was allowed a ten-foot fall. The drop was set, and the shed locked till the time of the actual execution, the chief warder keeping the key. All that day Berry hoped that the unfortunate men would be reprieved, but at night news was brought to the gaol that the Home Secretary refused to interfere. From that instant till Monday morning Berry found it almost impossible to help brooding over the near approach of death to the two condemned. He could not read without seeing "gallows" scrawled across each page, and at times he was very nearly breaking down.

On Monday, March 31, he rose at five, and felt more frightened than before; however, his strong will came to his rescue and he managed to calm himself. He could eat nothing, so at seven o'clock he went and made his final inspection of the gallows. At a quarter to eight the sheriff and officials entered the condemned cells, and the prisoners were brought together for the first time since their condemnation. They kissed each other and then prayed with the chaplain till five minutes past eight. Berry was then introduced and gave the warrant for execution made out by the judge, and also the sheriff's order to the same effect. With Chester's assistance the two men were rapidly pinioned, and the procession set off at once for the scaffold. When quite close to the place of execution Berry placed the white caps on the criminals' heads in readiness.

Once on the scaffold the assistant fastened the legs of the culprits while Berry adjusted the ropes and drew down the caps. One swift pull at the lever and the two men were dead; Berry's first execution was over.

An hour later the corpses were taken down, and the new hangman, after attending the inquest, at which he was complimented on the skill which he had displayed, was permitted to leave the gaol, bearing with him testimonials from the sheriff, the governor and the doctors present, as well as the sorely-needed money.

Berry was now fairly launched on his career as executioner, and he was forced to give up all other employment, since masters did not care to have the hangman as a servant.

About this time Berry constructed his first table of drops, which he based on the supposition that a man of fourteen stones' weight requires a drop of eight feet, that every additional stone in weight makes the drop four inches shorter, and each stone lighter adds a like number of inches to the necessary fall. According to this scale, then, a man of eight stones weight would require a drop of ten feet. This table he used up to 1885, when he had a terrible accident at Norwich.

Robert Goodale was to be hanged, and according to the scale he should have had a drop of seven feet eight inches. Berry decided that as he was such a heavy man—he weighed fifteen stones—his bones would be rather weak, and accordingly he only gave him five feet nine inches fall. This proved too much, for the poor creature's head was torn from his body. After this Berry made a fresh list of drops, based on the striking force of bodies of various weights falling through different distances, he calculating that an average man requires to strike the end of the rope with a force of twenty-four hundredweights. Working on this basis, Berry gave Joseph Walker, whom he hanged at Oxford on November 15, 1887, a drop of two feet ten inches, the shortest drop he ever gave. Walker weighed sixteen stone.

In May, 1884, Berry went to Lincoln and hanged Mary Lefley for murdering her husband, and thence travelled to Durham to execute another criminal named Lawson. It was on this journey that he had a strange encounter.

At Doncaster he got into a carriage which contained three rough-looking men. As soon as the train started, they recognised him, and told him that he was the hangman. Berry denied this, or rather assumed indignation at being taken for such a person. Still, the men persisted, and commenced to bet amongst themselves as to which of the three should first fall into his hands. At York Berry changed his carriage, and did not see the three scamps again till February, 1886, when he was introduced to Rudge, Martin and Baker in the condemned cell at Carlisle, the three Netherby Hall murderers, who had all fallen into his hands at once!

One other strange coincidence in Berry's career. In May, 1888, he attended at Strangeways Gaol and hanged John Gell. After the execution he was chatting with the warders, and one of them, Warder Webb, said that they would be glad to see him if he was ever passing that way when not on duty. The next time Berry entered Strangeways Gaol was to hang Jackson for the murder of Warder Webb.

Condemned prisoners, as a rule, go quietly to their doom, but Berry had an exciting time with at least one of his "patients," Alfred Sowrey, executed at Lancaster in 1887 for the murder of his sweetheart. Sowrey fought and screamed and kicked all the way to the scaffold, up the steps of which he had to be carried by main force. When he was on the drop it took four warders to hold him in position, all the while he was wriggling about and using the most frightful blasphemies. When Berry stooped to fasten his legs, Sowrey let drive a tremendous kick, which caught the hangman on the shin, cutting a piece of the bone clean out. At last the young ruffian—he was only twenty-four—was secured and held while the rope was adjusted, though he attempted to prevent

the executioner from putting it in the proper place. Still struggling, he was held fairly straight by the warders till the drop fell and he disappeared.

That was the only actual struggle on the scaffold that Berry witnessed, though some of the women he hanged, notably Mary Britland and Mary Lesley, shrieked and moaned with fright, and had to be carried to their death.

The palm for callousness must be divided between Lawson, who laughed when he stumbled on the way to the gallows, and swore horribly while the noose was being fitted to his neck, and James Murphy, an Irishman, who was hanged at York. This son of Erin regarded the whole affair as a huge joke, and was absolutely fearless. When Berry was introduced to him on the day prior to his execution, the warder, wishing to save the convict pain, said he was a gentleman from Bradford. Murphy said he knew nobody from Bradford, and was then told who Berry was. The murderer was eating his dinner; however, he shook hands with the hangman, and then continued his meal in the most unconcerned manner. Writing the same day to one of his relations he told of the incident, and added: "But I eat my dinner none the worse for that."

Of women, Mrs. Pearcey was the best behaved, and even wished to spare the female warders from being present on the scaffold. When one of them said that she would accompany her if she wished, the doomed woman said that if it did not pain her too much she would be glad of her company. She died penitent.

As long as Berry was on this side of the Irish Sea he was safe enough from the attentions of the friends of the people on whom he was called to operate, but in Ireland it was another matter. He was never actually molested, but he had a couple of narrow escapes. The circumstances are these:

The executioner had been sent for to hang four moonlighters at Galway. At Dublin four ruffians got into the same carriage with him, and they commenced to fight, keeping up the battle till they reached Mullingar, ignoring the stranger in the corner. There they got out, and Berry went to the refreshment-room for a drink. Two disreputable-looking scoundrels spotted him on the platform, and, after a word with the fighting four, followed him into the bar and forced him to drink with them. They then entered the same carriage with him, and asked him if he was going to Galway. He said he was, and then they inquired if he knew whether "Barry, the hangman," was in the train. That question he evaded. Berry was armed, but was alarmed just the same; however, he was relieved when he saw that in the next compartment, separated only by a low barrier, there were two detectives whom he knew by sight. As far as Athony the roughs tried to get Berry to talk, and he was forced to pose as a poultry farmer. After then the pair got into a corner and discussed, in tones loud enough for Berry to hear, whether he was the hangman or not, one declaring that he was, and the other that he was too much of a gentleman. The former pointed to the scar, but even that did not convince his companion, and the matter was not entirely settled when the train drew up at Galway. There Berry made a signal with his handkerchief, and a party of Royal Irish Constabulary came close to the carriage, and before the men could stop him he was safe with his escort. When last he saw his two companions, they were wildly gesticulating and swearing that he "was the very blaggard they had come to meet."

The moonlighters were reprieved one by one, and after a sojourn of a week in Galway Gaol, Berry was sent off to return to England. At Millingar, a tall man with a pronounced American accent got into the carriage with Berry, though there were lots of empty compartments in the train, and tried to draw him into conversation. Berry was very reticent, and specially so as he could make out the outline of a revolver under the stranger's coat. Presently he asked Berry his name, and was told that he was a Mr. Aykroyd. Then the Yankee drew out his revolver and pretended to examine it. Berry countered this by producing one three times the size and also looking to see if it was loaded. "Let me have a look at your gun," demanded the Yank. "I am afraid of it going off," responded Berry, as he replaced the pistol in such a position that he could cover the stranger without taking it out of his pocket again.

All the way to Dublin his finger never left the trigger. There the Yankee still followed him, going to his hotel with him, where Berry had only just time to tell the servants that he was Mr. Aykroyd before the American came up. There was a letter for Berry on the mantleshaft, and the Yankee examined it. Berry felt it was time for him to move, so he took his companion to have a drink at Mooney's, giving a wink to the barman not to recognise him. While drinking,

the American remarked to the potman that he had heard that Berry was to have travelled by the morning train from Mullingar, but that neither he nor Mr. Aykroyd had seen him. The barman said nothing.

It was almost time for the boat to leave, so, supplying the stranger with another long drink, Berry made a dash for the door, hailed a car and drove to the quay, reaching it just in time to catch the packet. He had only been gone a moment or so when the barman told the American that Mr. Aykroyd was Berry himself. The Yankee swore terribly, and set off after the mail boat, but it had left the pier and he was unable to get anybody to row him out to her. As Ireland was rather agitated at that time, it is not too much to assume that the stranger, like the two ruffians, wished to meet Berry for more than mere curiosity.

Besides the mishap at the execution of Goodale, Berry made the notable attempt to hang John Lee, the Babbicombe murderer, whose life we have lately given to our readers, and also had an accident at the hanging of Conway, in 1891, at Liverpool. The prison doctor, Dr. Barr, measured out a very long drop for Conway, acting under instructions received from higher authorities; but Berry declined to use it, saying that the man's head would come off. The doctor, after some opposition, reduced the drop by ten inches, still leaving it far longer than Berry thought safe, especially as Conway had attempted his life by cutting his throat but a short time previously. The hangman pointed this out, but the prison official was firm. When the drop fell, an ominous splashing could be heard. "Take 'em away! Take 'em away!" shouted Berry, pointing to the reporters, and the representatives of the Press were hurried out of the prison, but not before they had learnt that though the rope had not severed the convict's head from his body, it had lacerated all the large vessels in the neck, and the floor of the pit was being flooded with blood. At the inquest the executioner was completely exonerated from blame, inasmuch as it was against his wishes that such a drop should be given.

This last execution sickened Berry, more especially as he realised that if prison doctors and officials without any great experience were to be allowed to interfere in the matter of the length of drop to be given, he would no longer be able to guarantee a painless and decent death to the unfortunate people handed to him for execution. Immediately he set to work to find out who was responsible for the order which so nearly caused the decapitation of Conway, and he spent much time in his search, which eventually was fruitless. He then decided to retire, and on an order being issued from the Home Office to the effect that in future medical officers of prisons were to be permitted to fix the length of drop to be given to a condemned convict, the hangman sent the following letter to the Home Secretary:

"1, Bilton Place, City Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.
March 4, 1892.

"To the Rt. Hon. Henry Matthews, Q.C., M.P., Home Secretary, Whitehall, London.

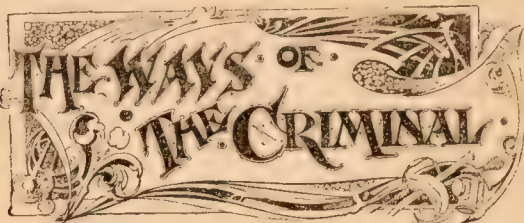
"DEAR SIR,—I herewith tender my resignation as executioner for Great Britain. My reason is on account of Dr. Barr interfering with my responsible duty at Kirkdale Gaol, Liverpool, on my last execution there. I shall therefore withdraw my name now as being executioner to England. Trusting this will be accepted by you on behalf of the Sheriffs of England, I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) "JAMES BERRY,
"Late Executioner of England."

His resignation was accepted, and Billington, of Bolton, who for some time had acted as executioner for the County of York, reigned in his stead.

It was then that James Berry had leisure to commence a lecturing tour, his subject being "Capital Punishment," but his success was not great, and he subsided into private life.

In principle Berry was opposed to capital punishment, but as the law decreed that murderers should die, he did his best to ameliorate the lot of those whose lives were forfeited to the State. To him is due the abolition of the steps to the scaffold, which caused unnecessary mental agony to the condemned, a sloping gangway being substituted where it is impossible to have the floor of the drop on a level with the condemned cell, and also the introduction of springs to prevent the leaves of the trap-doors from swinging after the fall of the drop. Previously the doors used to rebound violently, and on several occasions the head of the hanging man was battered by the massive timber.

Among the notable criminals who passed through Berry's hands we may mention Mrs. Pearcey, Dr. Cross, Davies the Crewe murderer, the Netherby Hall burglars, Israel Lipski and Thomas Orrock.



XXIX.—BEWARE OF DICE AND SPINDLES.

YOU have only to examine the catalogues of the American manufacturers of swindling devices to come to the conclusion that there is no end to the number of these cheating machines. Particularly is this the case with "spindle" appliances, a game which, whilst being very much simpler, is on the lines of roulette. Whether any fair machines are made is doubtful—certain it is that practically all that are advertised are "fakes" of the worst description.

We have before us the price lists of several firms, and herewith give an illustration of the "cloth spindle," which, according to the documents referred to, are the finest things in the line ever made. The price, however, varies in an astounding fashion, one firm offering them for twenty dollars, and the other for seventy-five dollars. As the descriptions are exactly the same, it would appear that the machines are identical, and suggests that the dealers are having their customers. That, however, is the "look-out" of the latter. Here is the description of the machine, and a picture of it taken from the aforesaid catalogues:

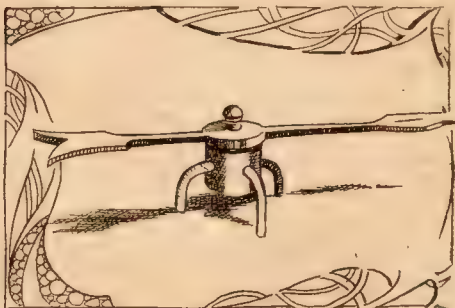
"This is the only spindle that can be torn up and examined without finding the squeeze or fake. It is ample cloth laid on any common box or table, so you can take it off any time and show it up to the satisfaction of ficers or players, or even old street men, and make them believe it is on the square. Will fold up in a space six height inches. Can be operated as easily as any squeeze spindle and far more successful than any electric or automatic spindle.

"Price only \$20.00."

As will be gathered from the above, the spindle can be operated by the swindler with the greatest ease, and but little chance of detection, the stopping gear being the principle of the "needle tell" faro box described in our last article, with the exception that it is worked electrically. When the spindle is revolving the operator carefully notes the number or colour on the "lay-out" upon which the least money has been betted, and promptly stops the arrow so that he has to pay out only on this sum; or if a space has not been backed at all, then it is Lombard Street to an orange that the spindle selects the corresponding number or colour at which to come to a t.

Then there is the "big spindle," which is desired as follows:

"Camel barb-arrow, heavily nickled. Runs raised gear in plain view of players. Furnished with t and



Electric spindle, controlled by concealed battery

set-screw for feather indicator. Always under control from inside or outside.

"Price, complete . . . \$35.00."

A "three spindle wheel" is also a most interesting

well as swindling contrivance. The manufacturers speak of it as follows:

"The finest and most perfect-working three spindle ever made for the trade. Arrows are heavily nickle-plated and finished perfectly in every detail. Operate evenly and correctly, and the steel points fastened in mouth of the arrows are tempered and bent to come close to lay-out, avoiding any dispute as to winning or losing numbers.

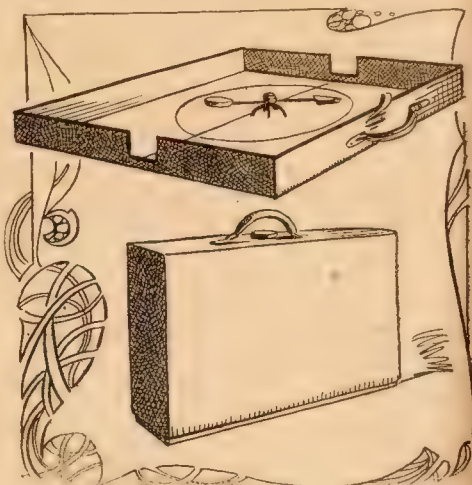
"Price, natural \$12.00

"With Pinch controlling one arrow \$20.00

"With Pinch controlling all three arrows, with lay-out ready to work \$35.00

"This is the latest in squeeze spindles, and is made by us only. Always reliable and a sure money getter."

These spindles are used at clubs, race-courses and fair-grounds, but mostly at the last two places, where there appear to be always a large number of fools anxious to get rid of what little money they possess. The chances they have of winning anything from the astute swindlers who operate the machines can readily be imagined. There are scores of other spindles, more or less elaborate (some even with ten arrows), but those we have described will be sufficient to indicate their nature. We must afford space, however for another and an exceedingly ingenious one. It is



A portable spindle, or "lay out," put up to resemble a sample case when closed.

known as the "open centre spindle," and it is said by the maker that:

"This is the only spindle that can be folded up and carried as a sample case; can be closed up with all jewelry and arrow inside as shown in cut in one second, also can be put in play in about the same time. It is a good creeper and has a strong squeeze. The lay-out can be used for chuck luck, paddle wheel, jewelry or any kind of spindle game.

"Price, with one squeeze \$25.00

"Price, with two squeezes, one on each side of case, so it can be worked by outside or inside man. Price \$35.00."

The squeezes, of course, are the "fakes" which really control the spindle, and which enable the swindlers to stop the arrow at whatever point they choose.

Now we come to the "striker," yet another ingenious swindling machine. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the huge strength tester to be seen on English fair-grounds. You strike at a piece of wood with a huge mallet, and send an arrow, or "dog," speeding up the upright until it strikes a bell at the top. The one we are about to describe, or, rather, quote the maker's description, is on the same principle, but, of course, very much smaller. This is what the manufacturer says:

"This strike is the only one made that is a sure winner or a sure loser, and can be changed from either after the stroke is made, and indicator starts up; the fake is in the top and side of the table, by pressing on top of the table changes from winning to losing, and press on side change

back. This has a double notch, but the indicator catches full on the outside notches, the inside one only raises the dog out of every other one, letting it slide over to the next one. It has been several years since the striker has been used and will be a winner now.

"Price, with lay-out, . . . \$25.00."

Yet another is a "drop case," which will doubtless re-



"The Great Money Maker." Ten horse spindle.

mind readers of a toy game which can be seen in shop windows even now, and which was very popular in England some years ago. The "open face drop case" is also not so open as it looks. In fact, it is a terrible cheat of the worst kind. This is what the makers say of it:

"This is the first open face drop case made that you can put the ball in the top any place, see the ball all the time, and change from winning to losing after the ball is over half the way down. You have to show any one that the case is faked before they will believe it."

"This case will get the money where everything else fails, and can be put on any ground, as we send two lay-outs, Cigars and Money. Five way case, single or double star. Win, Total Blank or Jack Pot. Price reduced to . . . \$25.00
Two Way Win or Lose 20.00
Case is trimmed with nickel-plated corners, handle and lock."

After reading these descriptions you will doubtless avoid

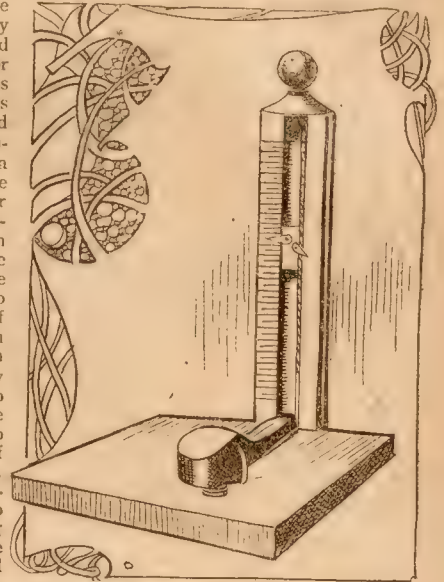


"Open face drop case."

all spindles and such-like devices you may come across, for there are plenty of them in England, and those who know nothing of the swindling capabilities of the devices are daily being rooked of their money.

But nothing in the way of swindling implements has received so much attention from the ingenious American makers as dice. And of these there are all sorts, sizes and descriptions, the majority of them unfair. Dice are, it may be mentioned, used in no end of games in the States. In

the less respectable bars they are used in tossing for drinks as well as money, and some bartenders make a small fortune out of their gullible customers. In bars the favourite method is to use a set of dice which have been specially treated, so that they are susceptible to the effects of electricity. Now, the barkeeper who is working the swindle first of all obtains an electro-magnet, "the



The striker.

largest and greatest outfit on the market," which we gather from the catalogue possesses the following "virtues":

"You Press-Squeeze.

"Magnet Does the Rest.

"The magnet being placed under the bar, table or counter, is neither seen, heard nor felt. It is connected by wire with a dry battery.

"In order to make a 'big throw' all that you have to do is to press the secret squeeze and throw the dice over the spot where the magnet is concealed, and you can beat almost any throw that your opponent might make, and this with the same dice he uses, without any juggling of dice or box. You just put the dice into the box and toss them out in a careless and natural manner.

"The dice roll perfectly natural at all times, and no one can see any difference when the 'current' is on—only in size of hands thrown.

"Counter Magnets and Batteries weigh about 40 pounds, according to size and shape. It acts through any

thickness of Wood, Glass, Paper, Cloth, etc. This is the thing to have if you want to win big money. "Price of Counter Magnet, with five Dice, all complete and ready for work, \$35.00."

So with the aid of the "electro-magnet"

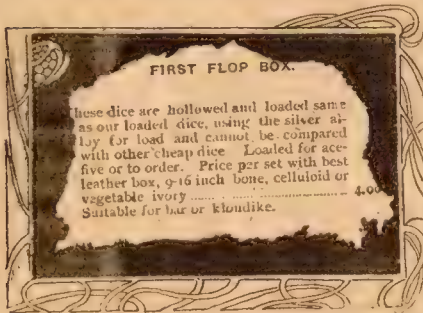
(well may you say "to what base uses") the barkeeper has no need to resort to the use of "loaded" dice.

The manufacture of these last has developed into a science. "The most essential point to be observed" (we are quoting from a manufacturer's circular, and are in no way responsible for the grammar) "are first to see that the



An obliging lee-to-turn that will spin "high or low."

weight is perfect. Second the eyes must be the same, and they must roll like fair dice. Without all these a dice is worthless. Anyone can put a load in a dice and plug it, but it takes years of patience and skill to acquire the knack of making a dice to act perfect: come exactly for what it is desired, and yet roll like a fair dice. But this is what we are doing, and we have no peer in this line. Others imitate us, but none can duplicate us. Every dice that leaves our



An advertisement that speaks for itself.

house is thoroughly tested." And as a result of "years of practice" these people have produced "transparent" dice, which, for all their transparency, are yet loaded. They re-

mark of these ingenious results of their experiments:

"We wish to call your attention to our Transparent Banking Dice. These goods are as clear as crystal and made in five different colours: Green, Red, Saffron, Amber and Wine with white inlaid spots. A set consists of four Dice, two work, two square. Players have always confidence in the game when shooting with a set of these dice for the simple reason that they can look through them. Transparent dice will always get the play in preference to any other. These goods always sold for \$25.00 per set. Our price now is \$10.00 per set for either plain spots inlaid, or birdseye spots.

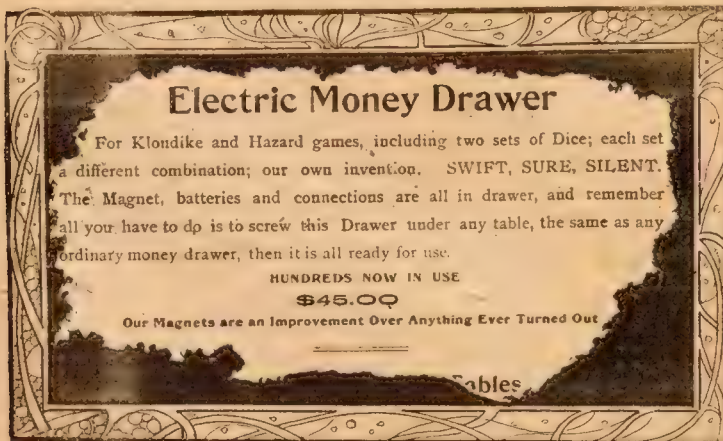
" Shaped, per pair	\$2.00
" Buffed	3.50
" Plain Spots, Inlaid, per set	10.00
" Birdseye	10.00

"Guaranteed to Give You Best of Satisfaction."

Then we have sets advertised as "a strong crap for the come out and back on a quick seven against the point, and is a winner and rapid money producer for a snap game. 2 fair, 2 loaded, price seven dollars."

Another firm guarantees its dice for one year, and describes a special set of "initial or number dice," which are loaded to suit the player. "First flop dice," which they strongly recommend, are loaded with a silver alloy, also to suit the purchaser, and they go on to say:

"We are making something in this line that we claim to be the best on the market and the price is within reach



Another significant Yankee "ad." which explains the "Banker's" invariable luck.

of all. How would you like to have a set of dice (5 dice) behind your bar that you knew you could throw as good as three aces with first flop, nine times out of ten. We can furnish you with just such a set of dice. You may ask—What is the reason my opponent cannot throw as good a hand as I do? Nothing the matter with his doing



1. Plain Square Dice. 2. Double Ring. 3. Round Corners. 4. Number Dice. 5. Birdseye. 6. Scratcheye. 7. Initial Ball. 8. Poker Dice.

so, "if" he knows how to use the box and dice. But not many are on to this and you are not apt to post them.

"You may ask—Are they sure? If you have never seen a set of our '1' flop dice you don't know what a sure thing is. If you don't want your opponent to win he cannot win one hand in twenty—No not one in fifty, and yet the dice roll natural and look natural, and are the same weight as other dice; the same size. Try a set of them; set them on the back bar; let everybody use them. No one will get next that they are sure thing dice. If you are not pleased with them return them and we will return your money.

Price per set Veg. Ivory,	\$3.00
Bone,	3.00
Celluloid,	5.00
Ivory,	7.00

The above prices include dice and box complete with full instructions."

Another firm's "first flop" dice are advertised to "flop" "five aces" for the operator and "a straight" for the pigeon, and in their catalogue they illustrate the operation.

Space prevents us from describing the dice known as "Miss-outs," "Combinations," "Shifters," "Octahedron," "Quick-sevens," and "Chuck-lucks," though our artist gives illustrations of some of them. We will conclude with a manufacturer's description of "First dash out of the box" dice. It is as follows:

"Here is the only dice in the country for saloon, cigar stand, or any place where they shake first flop. You shake 3 of a kind, 4 of a kind, or 5 of a kind, at your own pleasure, while your opponent gets what his luck would be with fair dice. No shifting; the only thing is to know how to get them out. With our instructions it will only take you an hour to learn how to get them in a natural manner without exciting any suspicion whatever. Loaded for aces or any number you desire, whatever number is high in your country. Let us know and we will make them for you. This

is your chance to clean up all the money in your neighbourhood, and you might as well get it as to let someone else. Made to come for 1, 2 or 3 numbers.

"Made in $\frac{1}{2}$, 9-16 and $\frac{3}{8}$, Bone, Ivory or Celluloid.

"Plain Spots only. . . . \$5.00 per set of 5."

The moral of all these object lessons is obvious.

Tragedy in the Rue de la Harpe, Paris.

REVOLTING SEQUEL. Discovery by a Dog Detective

"Take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

—SHAKESPEARE, "King Richard III," Act I, Sc. 3.



IT will be exactly ten years ago next vintage time since I first paid a visit to that delightful little town upon the River Charente, in the south-west of France, known as Cognac, celebrated throughout the whole world for its splendid eau-de-vie, that queen of spirits, better known to us as brandy. Well do I remember the impressions made by this, my first visit, although I have been there several times since, and still would go. The lovely scenery, the delightful climate, and the hos-

pitable people, all had their fascinations; but the special kindness I received upon this particular occasion will remain gratefully in my memory as long as I live.

I had put up at the Hôtel d'Orleans in the quaint little town, the oldest and best hostelry in the place, which, with its massive walls and stone staircases, has stood there since the days of Cardinal Richelieu. The proprietor of the hotel was quite typical of his mediæval surroundings, for at the time of which I write he was ninety years of age, whilst Madame Simon (for that was their name) could not have been more than fifteen years his junior. But mine host of the Hôtel d'Orleans was a marvel. As active as a man of half his age, he still took entire charge of the cuisine, and his table was celebrated for its dishes throughout the Charente. But when I inform my readers that M. Simon had been formerly chef to Louis Philippe, and spent years of his life in the Tuileries, Paris, the excellence of his cooking will not be wondered at. Besides, he came from the stock of ministers to the inner man, for his father was a celebrated Parisian chef, fought at the battle of Waterloo, was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and his abilities in the kitchen having become known, he was appointed chef to Marshal Blucher pro tem., winning great praise, and not a few louis, from the Prussian commander and his staff for the dainty dishes he put before them, the marshal being exceedingly sorry to part with him when the war was over and the prisoners exchanged.

That the son, old M. Simon of the Hôtel d'Orleans, Cognac, was a "chip of the old block" I can honestly testify, for the bare recollection of his soups and entrées, rissoles and ragouts, omelettes and pâtés, induces a feeling of hunger to creep over me.

But it was really the thoughts of cooking as a fine art (particularly of the last-named item—pâtés), and Mons. Simon as a pâtissier, that have reminded me of the awful tragedy I shall presently relate, for it was told me by the propriétaire of the celebrated Cognac hotel, and will remain in my mind as long as I live. In my humble opinion it is one of the most revolting crimes ever perpetrated.

As a matter of fact, it is more terrible than the fabulous story of Sweeney Todd, the barber of Fleet Street, who, it is not generally known, existed only in the fertile brain of some writer of fiction, whilst that related to me by M. Simon happens to be perfectly true in every detail. Since the tragedy of the Rue de la Harpe became known to me, I have often wondered whether the extraordinary method

adopted by the murderers of Paris had been inspired by reading the story or play of Sweeney Todd, which had undoubtedly been translated into French. At any rate, as my readers will discover, there is a similitude about the way our neighbours across the Channel dispatched their victims; but the sequel—well, the Sweeney Todd story pales before its monstrosity.

Before proceeding, however, permit me to tell how it came about that I had it related to me. The weather during the vintage of 1893 (one of the most prolific yields of the past century) had been terribly hot during my sojourn at Bordeaux, prior to my going on to Cognac, which is about seventy miles distant. But when I arrived at the last-named town, the evenings were getting chilly. Careless, like most Britishers, who think themselves such a hardy race, I neglected to make sufficient change in my attire, and caught a chill, which settled on the lungs, and before I had been in the home of aqua vitæ more than a few days, I found myself close upon death's door, for pneumonia had caught hold of me, and the doctor shook his head and talked of telegraphing to England to my friends, whilst I lay abed dreaming of the pretty little cemetery upon the hill overlooking the beautiful valley of the Charente, and thought what a nice place to rest in, with a better prospect and more delightful surroundings than any burial place that could be found in England.

It was during this unsettled state of mind and body that I became familiarly acquainted with the kind host and hostess of the Hôtel d'Orleans. Their attention was unceasing, and the dear old boy would make the most wonderful gravies and nutritious little dishes that the cunning of his art could conceive. This and a steady application of the eau-de-vie—the oldest and finest of which was sent down to the poor Englishman who was dying, without kith or kin near him, by the great brandy merchants of Cognac—saved my life.

Naturally, I was very grateful to my host and hostess, and during my convalescence old Simon and I would sit out in the courtyard at the back of the hotel and chat away for hours. Indeed, we formed a friendship which was always renewed upon my annual visits to the town, until, alas! when I went there—I think it was in '98—madame was in deep black. I had reason to ask no questions. Directly she saw me, the tears started to her eyes and trickled down her cheeks, wetting mine as the poor old lady kissed me on the forehead and whispered, "Yes, far away now, up on the hill in the little cemetery."

But these are sad memories. Let us revert to the pretty courtyard, bright with flowers, and delightfully cool in the summer's evening, where we would smoke our cigars and sip our coffee and cognac, whilst I listened to my host's stories of Parisian life. Many personal experiences he related dated back more than three-quarters of a century, for he was born before Napoleon I. was proclaimed Emperor, had lived in Paris nearly all his life, and, under Louis Philippe as his chef, came into personal contact with many notables of the day. Besides, too, what a receptacle for court scandal, stories of intrigue, unpublished crime, and matters that are hushed up would be the kitchen of the King's palace!

He knew the notorious Vidocq, the first great French detective, whose marvellous career as thief and thiefcatcher forms some of the most startling episodes in the annals of crime, many of which in due course will be related in these pages. He met the celebrated detective whilst he occupied his royal situation, and again afterwards, at the Restaurant Trois Frères, in the Palais Royal, where Vidocq would frequently dine with Sir Francis Burdett (father to the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts) when he was in Paris.

Mons. Simon was well acquainted with Coco-Latour, Cauler, Claude, and other great detectives, who were constantly at the Tuileries on the qui vive for some of their prey, whom they frequently quietly seized within the palace walls. I may mention here that an order existed—and still exists, I believe, although not so stringent—emanating from the department of the Prefecture, that no arrests were to be made in any café, theatre, or public place, unless under most exceptional circumstances.

The stories of Parisian crime that my old friend Simon would relate were in many instances so sensational as to be hardly credible were it not for the records in the Prefecture, so carefully kept since the first "Brigade de Sûreté" (corps of detectives) was organised in 1817, the very year that Vidocq's services were accepted by the authorities after his prolonged criminal career. Indeed, so numerous and interesting did M. Simon's stories become that I had, with his sanction, determined to write and publish them in volume form. But fate decreed otherwise. However, there are several which I am sure will prove interesting, and which may appear from time to time in these pages.

"They do things better in France" is a very common

assertion by Englishmen; and, so far as crime goes, I think we may fearlessly award them the palm, for I was assured by M. Simon that the pictures of crime drawn by M. Eugène Sue in his description of the cité, that central part of Paris upon which are the Palais de Justice and the Cathedral of Notre Dame, were by no means an exaggeration. He knew the foul and filthy streets and alleys of the cité, that once infamous quarter of the French capital, well. Inhabited by liberated galley-slaves, escaped convicts, women of impure life, assassins, coiners, pickpockets, and bullies of every description, M. Simon had often visited it with his friends the detectives.

It was in 1838 (eight years after the accession of Louis Philippe, and when my late friend was serving his royal master as chef) that Sue fixed the period, and I am thoroughly



The dog suddenly sprang upon me.

convinced that the famous French novelist, in creating the characters in his "Mysteries of Paris" who frequented the "tapisfranc" (slang for low smoking house or tavern), drew them from life. The ruffian known as the Chourineur (one who gives a blow with a knife), the Maître d'Ecole (a murderer and bloodthirsty fiend in hideous human form), La Chouette (French for owl, because the old hag and procuress who rejoiced in the name had a hooked nose, one round, green eye, and because she resembled an owl minus one optic), and La Goualeuse (singer), the girl who had fallen from no fault of her own, were all to be found in the flesh in that portion of Paris, and were by no means creatures of the novelist's brain.

Such was the state of Paris when Vidocq was entrusted with the detection of crime, and M. Simon held his distinguished appointment in the Palace. And now that I have given an idea of what the principal town of La Belle France was like in the early '30's, I will proceed to the story, which will serve to confirm the statement that Paris was a very bad place in those days.

As usual, my host and myself had met for our evening's cigar and chat after dinner, when I happened to mention a

little incident that had occurred to me on the previous night. I had dined with some friends in the Rue du Pons, in the town, at the house of a most hospitable and entertaining host, with whom I had spent some very pleasant days in his vineyards of the Medoc, and at his charming country seat at Longlée. There were a few Englishmen present, so we kept it up rather late. Not being far from my hotel, I walked alone, for there was a lovely moonlight; that flood of silver, spread over every object, that we never get so clear in this country.

I had arrived at the hotel without incident, and was about to summon the night porter, when I espied a figure of a man stretched out by the side of the wall. I spoke, but there was no answer. Thinking perhaps that somebody had fallen helpless, and would be exposed to the morning dews, I was about to arouse him, when, before I could touch him, a great dog leapt up with his paws upon my shoulders. Never shall I forget the look of the animal's head in the moonlight. His eyes seemed like powerful glasses before an electric light, the fangs in his jaws glistened in their whiteness, whilst his nostrils curled and his scarlet tongue lay out of the side of his mouth as he growled viciously, his hot breath steaming into my very face.

Fortunately, I stood perfectly still—indeed, for the moment I was paralysed—and the man, missing his companion and guardian, jumped up in the nick of time and called the dog away. The fellow was a tramp, and although I, somewhat ironically, begged his forgiveness for having disturbed his peaceful nocturnal slumbers, and offered him a piece of silver, he firmly declined to accept anything. I presume he thought that the fright was enough punishment for disturbing him; anyhow, muttering incoherently, he once more rolled himself upon the pavement, and his faithful hound resumed his position, stretching at length beside his master, with the dual purpose of giving him warmth and protection.

M. Simon listened to my adventure, and then, smiling, said, "Ah, you Englishmen think so much of your John Bull dogs, and your rat-catching, cat-killing terriers; but I can assure you that a Frenchman has more affection for his mongrel-bred hound than many of you gentlemen bestow upon the dog that has cost hundreds. Do you know that man whose dog frightened you would not part with his friend if you offered him an annuity for life, poor as he may be—ay, probably not for his life. Our country folk love their dogs, and through patient training and the natural sagacity displayed by the hybrid dog, their intelligence is sometimes surprising.

"And that reminds me; amongst the many detectives I knew in Paris, and of whom we have had so much to say, there is one which I must not fail to tell you about, for it was instrumental in running to earth two of the greatest scoundrels and murderers that ever took un petit verre in the slums of the foulest part of the cité—men who played such fearfully inhuman parts that neither Eugène Sue nor any other writer upon the crimes or mysteries of Paris would dare to introduce them into a work of fiction. Light another cigar, mon ami, and I'll tell you the story, which in every detail you can verify upon your next visit to Paris, for when I lived there one had to go but to the street where the tragedy was enacted to find there a gap in the line of houses where stood a melancholy memorial, signifying that upon that spot no habitation shall be erected, no human being reside."

And now I will endeavour to remember as near as possible the words of M. Simon, for he told me the terrible story with an earnestness that can only be assumed by one who had followed the dire circumstances from beginning to end.

Somewhere out of Paris, in the country (if I remember rightly, it was in the vicinity of Vitry), there resided two peasant farmers. Both were in comfortable circumstances, for they had, for Frenchmen, large families, principally boys, who were very industrious, so the cost to them for labour was comparatively small. Their names were Cachet and Dubois, and their fathers and grandfathers before them had worked the land for more than a century. They had grown up as boys together, and were more like brothers than friends. They shared their secrets, if they had any, and not a speculation was made in the smallest trifle outside household necessities unless they consulted one another. It was only natural, then, that their respective children should grow up in a similar manner.

Cachet, it seems, had an only daughter, described as a fine-made, brown-eyed, olive-complexioned wench, with a light heart and a fascinating way. Rosalie, for that was the girl's name, turned the heads of half the young fellows who came from all parts to the market of Vitry, which was held every Saturday, and which was rarely missed by the good-looking brunette, who usually drove over, dressed in her blue

serge skirt, short enough to show her shapely leg and neat foot for a paysanne, for Rosalie would cast aside the ordinary sabot, and affect the shapely Parisian shoe when she was combining pleasure with business. And a very pretty picture she must have presented driving her favourite horse, with its collar-guard of blue-dyed sheepskin, and bright, brass jingling bells, as she sat in the hooded phaeton in which it is customary for the farmers, even at the present day, to drive to market.

Mdlle. Rosalie Cachet had, as I have stated, many admirers, and was a bit of a coquette, but, as might be supposed, one of the sons of her father's friend had played his trump card at Cupid's favourite pastime and won the maiden. Everything had been arranged by the parents of both families, and there was to be great rejoicing at the coming harvest, when the marriage was to be celebrated. Besides being a downright love affair, the union of the young people would make a greater bond than ever between the two friends, so it was agreed that the marriage portion should be more liberal on both sides than was usual with people of their station in life.

Of course, as the day drew near, it was not only the talk

Marcel, and the class of neighbourhood was very different to what it is to-day. If not quite as bad as the cité, it was rough enough, and after dark no man's life or property would be safe. There was nothing to fear, though, for two powerful men, with their thick oak saplings and their faithful dog, so they trudged along with light hearts until they came to the Rue de la Harpe, which at that period (and also to-day) lay off the Faubourg St. Marcel. Passing down this street, they came to the shop of a perruquier, where they agreed to have a shave and a wash before going on to the lawyer's, the roads having been very dusty.

M. Dubois was attended to first, and, desirous of saving time, informed his friend that he would slip out and make a few purchases close by, and return in about a quarter of an hour, and at the same time jokingly admonishing him to look after the lousis. With that he passed into the street, his friend's faithful hound raising his head and blinking a recognition as he lay resting outside the shop after his long walk.

In less time than he had anticipated, M. Dubois had completed his purchases, and returned for his friend. As he turned the handle of the door, the dog was still outside, where he had been told to remain by his master, whose word was



IT WAS A FEARFUL SCENE.

of the country side, of the market place of Vitry, but the news of the coming wedding spread to the adjoining town of Ivry, and invitations were sent to some of the military occupying the fort of that name, situate between the two towns. Even to Paris itself the news travelled, for both Dubois and Cachet were well known by the salesmen in the market of the capital, and as much respected for their straight, honest dealings as for their affluent circumstances.

Everything was in readiness for the ceremony, with the exception of affixing the signatures of the fathers of the bride and bridegroom to the deeds of the marriage settlements and the payment of the girl's portion to the attorney in Paris.

The day before the event, therefore, the two friends with light hearts set out together to walk into the capital—a very usual thing for country people to do in those days, especially as the journey in this instance would be, there and back, little more than twenty English miles. They left their homes early in the morning, Cachet with his bag of lousis d'or and his faithful hound—a shaggy kind of sheep dog—whose sagacity and love for his master were extraordinary.

Receiving many a cheery word, and good wishes for the young couple, they passed through the various villages and entered Paris at the Route d'Ivry, making their way on to the Place d'Italie, thence into the Boulevard St. Marcel.

This thoroughfare was then known as the Faubourg St.

law; but he was no longer resting, he had shaken off his fatigue, and was sitting upon his haunches, with ears pricked, and palpably on the alert.

To the farmer's dismay, when he entered the barber's saloon M. Cachet was not there. "This is strange," he muttered to himself. Then, addressing the barber, he demanded to know whether a message had been left for him. The answer was "No." All the shopkeeper knew was that "Monsieur, when he had been shaved, went away."

More perplexed than ever, he went to the door and gazed up and down the street, thinking that it was possible that his friend might have slipped out to make a purchase, as he had done, and would return. But the dog? Could he have commanded him to remain outside on guard whilst he left for a few minutes? It was possible, certainly, for Le Rois, as he was called, was very obedient. Yet, if that were so, why did not the dog make known the fact by jumping up to him and licking him, as he would have done had a message been left with the dumb animal that his master had bidden him say to M. Dubois that he would return? No; the dog never for one instant took his eyes off the door, and paid no heed to anybody, not even to the calls and enticements of the farmer who sought his friend.

Again did M. Dubois enter the shop of the perruquier, but

received the same answer, repeated somewhat irritably, "His friend had been shaved, and then went away."

This was all very well; but half an hour had passed by. Still on sign of Cachet's return, whilst his dog kept his attention steadfastly set upon the door. The wish being father to the thought, he argued to himself that Cachet had been retained perhaps. But the time of the appointment to meet the attorney passed, and the dog still remained intently watching the door. In and out of the shop went Dubois, up and down the street he paced, until he caused a deal of attention by his hasty movements and symptoms of impatience.

Then the impatience became alarm, alarm became sympathetic, and the dog exhibited a decided restlessness, which was followed by yelps and howlings. There was something wrong evidently. What could it be? He tried all his persuasion for the dog to come with him, but it was of no avail, and when he grasped the faithful animal by the collar, the dog shook his master's friend off, and for the first time in his life showed teeth to him.

At length M. Dubois, driven almost to madness by not having met his friend, told the barber plainly that he believed that there was something wrong, and that he was determined to sift the whole matter. Again the farmer endeavoured to call the dog off with him and go to the solicitor's to see if there were not a misunderstanding. Once more the dumb animal refused. By this time a fairly large crowd had assembled, and the dog again yelped. He shivered and howled, but no seduction, no caressing, nothing could induce him to leave his post.

By this time the crowd was getting impatient, and when the matter was explained, there was an outburst of indignation against the barber for his brusque manner of treating the mysterious affair, and much argument ensued. At length the populace which had collected demanded admittance to the shop. This was refused, when, in an instant, the people, either stimulated by the dog's now ceaseless noise, or desiring to fathom the extraordinary mystery, broke into the shop. Here they were confronted by the barber, who again declared that he knew nothing, only that which he had told at first. This did not satisfy them, however, and at that moment the dog burst into the saloon and at once seized the barber by the leg. Then, barking furiously, he made his way to a back door, and there became absolutely out of control.

The first movement he made was towards the proprietor of the shop, when, to use the actual words of one of the witnesses in the trial, "The dog suddenly sprang upon him, then flew at his throat in such a state of terrific exasperation that the barber fainted, and was with the greatest difficulty rescued from being torn to pieces. The dog now seemed to be in a state of agony and fury."

Somebody suggested letting the animal loose, for in the wild excitement it was thought better to see if the dumb animal could throw any light upon this most mysterious disappearance. This was accordingly done, and when he had his freedom, away he went dashing through a swing door, which brought him to some stairs which was an approach to a dark cellar. The infuriated creature then threw back his head and howled in that fearful manner in which dogs are apt to do at night, and which is attributed by many ignorant people to a prescience of death.

In this instance it certainly was, for immediately the door was unlocked above the cellar, the animal, with a long yelp, leaped forward and disappeared. At once lights were procured, and some of the most fearless, with M. Dubois at their head, descended.

The sight that was presented to them beggars description. Lying on the floor of the cellar, with a ghastly wound across the throat, lay the farmer. Licking the blood that had besmeared his face, and rushing around the body, was the dog, in such a terrible state of excitement that nobody dared approach. It was a fearful scene, and the living dumb and the silent dead were left together whilst the officers were summoned. In the meanwhile, the barber had been secured, and was handed over to them, they having the greatest difficulty in getting him clear from the place and preventing the mob from tearing him to pieces.

A horseman was at once despatched for M. Dubois's son and for Madame Cachet, who drove post haste into Paris. During their absence much had been discovered. The officers from an examination of the cellars next door found there was a communication between them and the barber's, and that many suspicious objects were scattered about. Later on (after the widow had induced the dog to leave the corpse, and it was taken to the Church of St. Marcel to await further investigation) they found human bones.

The proprietor of the shop next door tried to escape, but was at once arrested. He was a pastry-cook, and the rest of

the story of this crime is almost too terrible to tell, but it is perfectly true.

These two friends, the barber and the pastry-cook, were partners, and those who were murdered by the razor of the one were concealed by the knife of the other in the savoury patties which were sent for from all parts of Paris. By these fearful deeds and the extraordinary means employed in getting rid of the bodies, they had made fortunes.

It is needless to say that both were guillotined—poor consolation for the families of M. Dubois and M^{me}. Cachet, for there was a funeral knell instead of a marriage peal, although when time had healed the wound so suddenly inflicted by those wretches, the young people were united.

The houses where the pastry-cook's and the barber's stood were pulled down, and for at least two generations a blank space remained.

Since hearing my old friend M. Simon's dreadful story, however, I never pass a shop that looks like a Parisian pâtisseries de porc without a shudder, and think of the horrible traffic in human flesh in the Rue de la Harpe which was so providentially stopped by the dog detective.

Criminal Problems

CONVICTS AS COLONISTS.



YOU are always liable to rub an Australian up the wrong way if you make the slightest allusion to Botany Bay. And you can make a studied insult to a Melbourne man by saying, "Melbourne! Let me see. Was that where they sent the long-term men or the other sort?" In Australia they take things very seriously. Now, the following is from the "Cape Argus," of Saturday, July 28, 1883. The writer was Mr. F. J. Dormer, who has since made a very large fortune indeed up in the Transvaal:

"I am told that Carey, the informer, has done us the honour of coming out to South Africa by the mail, travelling, of course, under some other name than his own. He was, however, recognised on board by his fellow-passengers, and the results were unpleasant. His fame rendered the attentions of the public so uncomfortably close that he sought the protection of the water police. They say he is going along the coast, but his destination is not generally known.

"Mr. Carey—bless his heart!—need not make himself uncomfortable. Have we not all come here for some reason or other? If Mr. Carey thirsts for congenial company, I fear he will not have to go long with his desire unslaked. We would not have able-bodied, rough convicts to pollute our shores, but we have offered an asylum for many a long year to black-coated incapacity for good or capacity for evil. Whether it is our unsurpassable climate or not, I cannot say, but it is certainly a fact that many of these 'émigrés' have made most respectable citizens here. Instances will at once occur to the well informed.

"When it was announced that Carey would not be sent to any part of the British Dominions, I said to myself, 'That means South Africa,' and here he is.

"The multitude of Invincibles vow that they will pursue him to the death, so what fine times are in store for the mail companies—and South Africa. Stellaland awaits them; the land of Goshen shall be their heritage."

This is very witty satire. The Boer freebooting invasions of Stellaland and Goshen have made history. But the writer of the above would probably change his tone were he writing now about the good citizens that have been manufactured in South Africa out of scamps. There is an aristocracy out there with a sense of honour as high as is to be found in any part of the world. The loose fishes may make piles of money, but their female relatives do not get into the society of those families who are without fear and without reproach. The day after those lies appeared in print, Carey was shot, as narrated in No. 42. There were no Invincibles in South Africa. There were no Fenians. There was plenty

of Colonial politics to make one despise, if not ignore, affairs in Europe. The representative of the "Irish Party," as loyal a man as ever stepped in shoe-leather, was Mr. T. J. Reilly, the law agent. At the time of the recent war in South Africa he was Mayor of Capetown, and colonel of the Capetown Highlanders.

Mr. Dormer was right. Anybody to shoot Carey would have to be imported to do the work. According to the "Eastern Province Herald," the Rev. P. Farrelly, of St. Augustine's, had been asked to officiate at the funeral of Carey, but the reverend gentleman declined to do so. That only showed detestation of perfidy, not sympathy with murder.

The present writer, when out at the Cape of Good Hope, saw a French steamer whose engines had broken down. She was bound for New Caledonia, and had about a hundred and thirty convicts on board. Many of these were women who had murdered their husbands. While the vessel's machinery was being repaired, these women were landed on Robben Island—of course being kept at a considerable distance from that portion that is devoted to the Leper Isolation Establishment. There were also some free women, who were going to join their husbands, who were well-behaved convicts out in New Caledonia. None of these could be called "beauties," but there was an impassable gulf between their want of good looks and the repulsive countenances of the female convicts. The French have found that the discipline of New Caledonia has not been a sufficient deterrent. So prisoners are nowadays—such of them as are transported at all—sent to Cayenne. But one never heard of a French time-expired convict doing any good. If he had any good points about him—and plenty of friends—he always managed to escape. Thackeray, in his "Lyra Hibernica," had—

"Sure, Mitchell, exoiled to Bermudez,
His beautiful ovelids 'll ope;
An' there 'll be abundance of croycin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope."

The present writer has seen the remains of the convict hulks, moored in St. George's Harbour, Bermuda, but never came across anybody who had ever heard of John Mitchell's having been to Bermuda at all. But political prisoners are not convicts; Gavan Duffy's splendid career in Australia never, in all human probability, had a serious rival in the career of one convicted of ordinary dishonesty. The most absurd thing in the world is when a "first offender" at the Sessions has no sentence at all passed on him on condition that he goes out to the colonies. The miserable details of his sordid case are published in the weekly papers which circulate in the colonies, and, quite likely, there will be a thumb-nail sketch of the youth, looking his very worst, just as he is either making his promise of amendment to the judge, or listening to his lordship's telling off in the presence of a crowded court. If he is a bona-fide first offender, he ought to be given such a chance as Parliament intended him to have when it passed the "First Offenders' Act." His prospects in the colonies are very dismal indeed.



The Bishop Was Silenced.

A CERTAIN bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts. The Duke of Wharton hereupon rose and interrupted him, and begged that he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. The story was as follows: "A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and, when it was finished, looked up at the clock, and said:

"Damn you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?" This put an end to the bishop's story.

He Left His Verdict.

MR. JUSTICE GOULD was trying a case at York, and when the matter had been proceeding about two hours, he said: "I see there are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?"

"Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me!"

Juryman's Gratuitous Services.

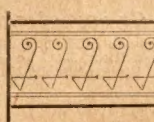
A COMMON jurymen once complained after being on the jury for several days that he received nothing for his attendance, and asked a friend to mention this quietly to the judge, who at once retorted, "Tell him that if ever he should have to be tried himself he will get a jury for nothing."

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A Strange Clue.

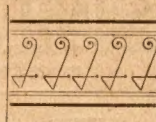
IN the year 1818 a Mr. Martin, receiver of taxes at Bilguy, in France, was returning home along the high road, when he was shot through the heart. He had only about one hundred francs in his possession, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch and ring. The manner in which the murderer was discovered was extremely singular. The charge of the gun with which Mr. Martin was shot had been rammed down with a written paper; part of this wadding had been found and carefully carried away with the body; the writing was still legible.

On this piece of paper there were phrases which are used in glass manufactories, and a date of nearly fifteen years previous. Upon this single clue the detectives went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilguy, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an entry relative to the delivery of some glass of which the paper in question was the invoice. Suspicion was directed to the son-in-law of the person to whom the glass had been supplied; this latter individual having been out of the country for ten years, so that it was utterly impossible for him to have committed the deed. Orders were given to arrest the suspected son-in-law, and when the officers went to execute their warrant they found him on his knees praying. In his terror he confessed the deed, and even told the officers where the watch and ring were concealed, under the thatch of his house. He was tried, found guilty, and executed.



The Editor
will be pleased to

Answers to Correspondents



answer any
suitable questions.

W. COOK.—Henry Wainwright was hanged on December 27, 1875, for the murder of Harriet Lane.

RHOS.—The story of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, who murdered Sergeant Brett in 1867, is now in preparation and will appear shortly.

LANCELOT.—The criminal, Feeley, was hanged outside the Old Bailey, in December, 1820, for issuing forged banknotes. Two others—Goodwin and Scott—shared his fate.

M. F. B. (Southsea).—Deeming and his doings will form a feature in a very early number of FAMOUS CRIMES. Thank you for your kind appreciation of our paper. Glad you were interested in Madeleine Smith.

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danger, and also without the loss of a moment's time from the daily occupation. He uses no knife, and sends his method and treatment direct to the sufferer's home, where it can be used without assistance, and brings immediate comfort and relief. Dr. Rice has cured hundreds of old men who had been ruptured 30 and 40 years. Never before has anyone ever received such letters of testimony, for never before has there been such a certain cure for rupture. Mr. James Gedney, 167, Brickyard Jumps, Barnsley, Yorkshire, is one of the men whom Dr. Rice has restored to perfect health. Mr. Gedney says: "After suffering 13 years I can safely say I am cured of a rupture which I had been led to believe was incurable. I am glad I sent for your home method of treatment. I have seen no signs of the rupture, nor felt any of those pains I used to have since using your method. I am glad to recommend it to others." It will pay anyone who is ruptured to write to Dr. Rice for a copy of his book, and a sample of his method, which he sends free to all. Investigate fully his method of cure. Do this at once. Don't delay in a matter of such importance. Write to-day. Now is your opportunity. Thousands of cases have been cured.



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